

Illinois U. Library

THE LISTENER, OCTOBER 10, 1957. Vol. LVIII. No. 1489.

PRICE 15c

The Listener

Published weekly by the British Broadcasting Corporation, London, England



A recent photograph of the Queen, who left on October 12 with the Duke of Edinburgh for Canada and the United States

In this number:

Asia Takes a New Look at Communism (Tibor Mende)
The Last Days of Tsarism—I (Sir Robert Bruce Lockhart)
Living in Bernard Shaw's House (C. J. Casserley)

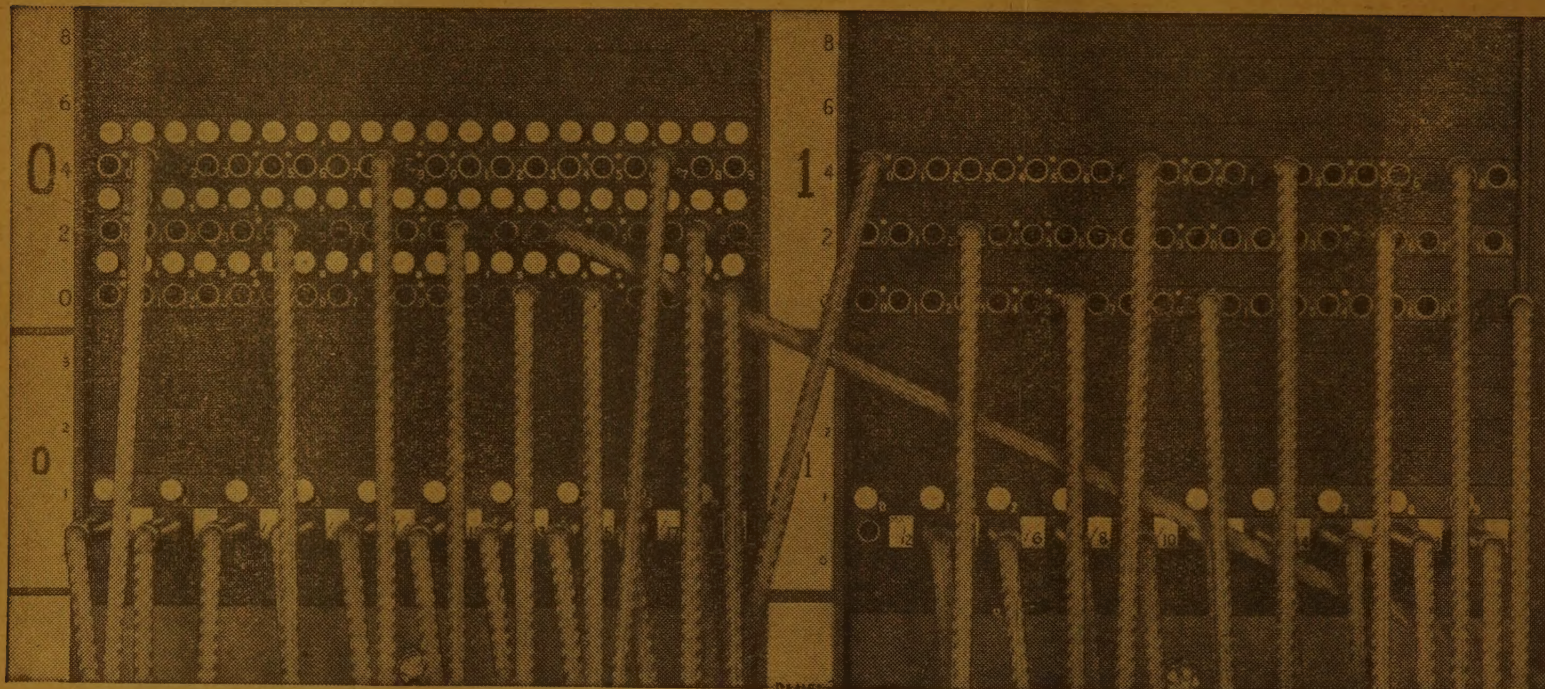
"Yes, delivery Friday week —
I'll handle it myself"

"No thanks Bill — we're
tackling this one ourselves"

"Mr. Johnson's in New Zealand —
can I help you? "

"Certainly — we'll get
you a test done at Aylesford"

"3.30 then — we'll both
get together with Williams"



19 company line-up to get things done

The Reed Paper Group includes 19 separate yet major companies . . . situated in different parts of the country and concerned with every aspect of making paper and paper products. Each company, while having access to Group resources, retains its individuality and independence, and understands the character and aims of the Group so well that it can think and act *for itself*. Yet the Group remains an efficient whole which *gets things done* . . . to your best advantage.

What makes this possible? It is that lines of communication throughout the Group are *flexible* — and day-to-day problems are solved not by rigid procedure through formal channels, but by *personal* contacts and informal meetings between the people

concerned. This holds good "vertically and horizontally" *at all levels* — both within individual companies and, whenever necessary, between one company and another. The men-on-the-spot have the responsibility — and the initiative to see any job through to your best advantage. Yet should need arise, they have only to pick up their telephones to draw upon the central resources and specialised knowledge of the Group.

Informal efficiency is the keynote. It is why your every meeting with a Reed manager, salesman or technician can be so refreshingly satisfying and profitable. It is why your every dealing with a Reed company can give you the best and right materials for *your* needs.

**"YOU profit from the initiative of each Company
backed by the resources of the Group"**

ALBERT E. REED & CO. LTD. (AYLESFORD, TOVIL AND BRIDGE MILLS) • THE LONDON PAPER MILLS CO. LTD. • EMPIRE PAPER MILLS LTD. • THE SUN PAPER MILL CO. LTD. • COLTHROP BOARD & PAPER MILLS LTD. • THE SOUTHERN PAPER STOCK CO. LTD. • E. R. FREEMAN & WESCOTT LTD. • REED PAPER SALES LTD. • REED CORRUGATED CASES LTD. • CONTAINERS LTD. • POWELL LANE MANUFACTURING CO. LTD. • CROPPER & CO. LTD. • CUT-OUTS (CARTONS) LTD. • PAPER CONVERTERS LTD. • MEDWAY PAPER SACKS LTD. • BROOKGATE INDUSTRIES LTD. • REED FLONG LTD. • THE KEY ENGINEERING CO. LTD. • HOLOPLAST LTD.
In association with Kimberly-Clark Ltd., makers of "Kleenex", "Kotex" and "Delsey" products.

THE REED PAPER GROUP HEAD OFFICE: 105 PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1



The Listener

Vol. LVIII. No. 1489

Thursday October 10 1957

REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O.
AS A NEWSPAPER

CONTENTS

THE WORLD TODAY:		PARTY POLITICAL BROADCAST (Rt. Hon. Viscount Hailsham, Q.C.)	570
The Commonwealth's Economic Future (Donald Tyerman)	551	LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:	
Crisis in the World's Smallest Republic (Paul Leach)	552	From Federico Clark, Edward Mishan, D. R. Stoddart, H. Wernick, Roy Walker, Pamela Dunn, Harold Rosenthal, Hans Keller, Edward Lockspeiser, J. A. Hartley, Reuben Wheeler, Professor L. C. Sykes, Lord Winster, and S. Godman	571
Asia Takes a New Look at Communism (Tibor Mende)	553	ART:	
AUTOBIOGRAPHY:		Round the London Galleries (Andrew Forge)	574
The Last Days of Tsarism (Sir Robert Bruce Lockhart)	555	LITERATURE:	
Living at Shaw's Corner (C. J. Casserley)	561	The Listener's Book Chronicle	575
THE LISTENER:		New Novels (Hilary Corke)	579
State Visit	556	CRITIC ON THE HEARTH:	
What They Are Saying (foreign broadcasts)	556	Television Documentary (Anthony Curtis)	580
DID YOU HEAR THAT?		Television Drama (J. C. Trewin)	581
Those Were the Days (Cyril Ray)	557	Sound Drama (Roy Walker)	581
Democracy and Rock 'n' Roll (Arthur Calder-Marshall)	557	The Spoken Word (Michael Swan)	583
British Railways in Miniature (John Tidmarsh)	558	Music (Dyneley Hussey)	583
Mr. Doppilow's Dandelion (Reg Drake)	558	BROADCAST SUGGESTIONS FOR THE HOUSEWIFE	587
LAW IN ACTION:		NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS	587
The Car and the Log Book (Raphael Powell)	559	CROSSWORD NO. 1,428	587
MUSIC:			
Scriabin and the Russian 'Renaissance' (Martin Cooper)	563		
Electronic Music (Reginald Nettel)	585		
RELIGION:			
The Crucifixion of God (R. C. Zaehner)	565		
NEWS DIARY AND PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE WEEK	568		

The Commonwealth's Economic Future

By DONALD TYERMAN

THE question whether the Commonwealth Finance Ministers' conference has been a success or not is really impossible to answer. It all depends on the outcome in terms of more trade, of the standing of sterling in the world, and in terms of the course of investment in the Commonwealth countries.

At this stage the best way to look for a provisional answer is probably to ask another question: What did the conference set out to do? Specifically, it set out to do three things: first, to decide whether there should be a grand Commonwealth conference next year on trade, the first of its kind for a quarter of a century; secondly, to see what could be done to bring into balance two things: on the one hand, the need all over the Commonwealth, and especially among its poorer members, for new capital investment, and, on the other hand, the actual capital resources available in the Commonwealth for these development processes; and, thirdly, to consider the proposal of Mr. Diefenbaker, the new Prime Minister of Canada, that there should be a large switch of Canadian trade from America to Britain, in order to lessen Canada's dependence on the United States.

At the back of all these more or less specific purposes was another general, but very immediate, problem. This was the weakness of sterling on the world exchanges, caused partly at least by the strain upon the reserves of the sterling area brought about by the demands of some Commonwealth members for resources with which to press on with their urgent development plans.

This was not by any means the only cause of the strain on sterling. Our own inflation, which Mr. Thorneycroft has said he is going to stop, is another. The flow of funds into Germany, and away from London, is one more cause. The renewed shortage

of dollars is yet another. But the Commonwealth calls upon the sterling pool are at any rate one thing, like the British inflation, which the Commonwealth can do something about itself.

What success, then, does the conference seem to have had? On the immediate question of sterling and the sterling reserves all the right things have been said. The Finance Ministers say flatly that a strong pound sterling is vital; that the strength of the pound sterling depends upon the policies of the individual members of the sterling area; and that this means essentially that each country has to live within its means. But it is firmly and naturally added that development must go ahead; and there is no practical evidence yet that the free and independent members of the Commonwealth are, in fact, going to get together to tailor their development plans and their investment demands so that all the coats together fit the available cloth.

This has to be seen. What the Finance Ministers also say is that the really important thing to keep development going further, and to furnish the resources for it, is 'freer and expanding trade'. Here we come to the real nub of the conference. There is going to be a great Commonwealth trade conference next year. We do not know precisely what it will be about, but we have had striking—and controversial—clues. It is encouraging that these Commonwealth Ministers have said 'go ahead' to Britain in the project for a European Free Trade Area, provided the Commonwealth is not hurt. But all the limelight in the talks has really been upon two other things, the things which have been discussed in Ottawa by British and Canadian representatives since the Finance Ministers' conference ended. These are, first, Mr. Diefenbaker's proposal for a massive switch of Canadian trade from America to Britain, without any clear notion yet of how this could be done; and, secondly, the British response to this proposal, which seemed to take everybody by surprise.

In effect, the British response was simply this: that you can enlarge British-Canadian trade significantly only by making it freer. In other words Mr. Thorneycroft's reply was precisely what the Finance Ministers' *communiqué* said: that is, 'freer and expanding trade'. I said 'precisely'. There is not in fact anything very precise yet about the Thorneycroft plan for an Anglo-Canadian Free Trade Area, to be constructed progressively by reductions in tariffs and other restrictions, on both sides, over the next twelve or fifteen years. But the gist of it, and the difficulties of it, are surely plain enough.

It means that if Anglo-Canadian trade is to be stepped up by anything even approaching as much as Mr. Diefenbaker wants, then this country will have to support its farming less, and Canada will have to protect its industries less. These are, indeed, hard words, or at any rate challenging ones. And, by implication if not by intention, the challenge is to other Commonwealth countries as well as Canada. Certainly Canadian industrialists, at the first news of the British project, sounded the alarm. Many Canadian industries, newly developed, are in fact pressing upon the new Conservative Government their need for more protection, not less. The corresponding implication for Britain itself—that the guarantee given to British farming by various means should be diminished in the interests of freer and larger Commonwealth trade—has hardly been mentioned yet, certainly not by Mr. Thorneycroft. His Government is committed not necessarily to expand British agriculture further, but at any rate to keep it, by subsidies and other non-tariff means, much as it is.

All this probably means that not much can be done now on this front. The Canadians probably have an election ahead quite soon. We have an election perhaps two years, or less, away. Yet, for all the obvious political and economic obstacles, the logic is clear. It is that if Commonwealth trade is to be expanded, as everybody seems to wish, some price has to be paid for it. And the price has to be paid, if there is to be substantially more trade, by cutting back policies which aim at self-sufficient production,

whether it is of farm products here or of manufactures there. Between them, Mr. Diefenbaker and Mr. Thorneycroft have thrown down and stated the challenge.

The challenge is, in fact, wider. Nothing is more natural, nothing is more desirable, than that the development of the capital resources of the Commonwealth countries should go on. This is true of rich countries like Canada or Britain; it is true of poor countries like India or Ghana. But a price has to be paid for that development, for, if it is to happen, the resources for Commonwealth investment have to be made available before the plans can be fulfilled; and the resources can be made available, as the *communiqué* of the Finance Ministers itself makes plain, only in two ways: by increasing savings, or by a larger flow of international capital. There are at the moment too many demands and too few resources to meet them. That is plain fact. The account can be balanced only in one of two ways: by reducing the demands, or by increasing the resources—or, indeed, by drawing more upon the savings and resources of countries outside the Commonwealth, such as the United States or Germany.

In words, the Finance Ministers have, I agree, described the remedies: policies directed towards strengthening the competitive division of each Commonwealth country; increasing savings; expanding trade; a larger flow of international capital. This is what has to be done. The great outstanding question is 'How?' This is a question that cannot wait for another grand Ottawa conference for the answer to emerge. Whether there is an answer or not depends upon the policies actually pursued by all the Commonwealth countries, together and separately. And the great virtue, as I see it, of this Finance Ministers' conference is that it has at any rate put plainly enough what the decisive questions are. Notably, it has reflected a new zeal to find Commonwealth solutions to common Commonwealth problems. This is, in itself, a gain, even though the conference itself must seem in many ways disappointingly inconclusive.—*General Overseas Service*

Crisis in the World's Smallest Republic

PAUL LEACH on the situation in San Marino

JUST over fifteen miles from the seaside resort of Rimini, on the Italian Adriatic coast, Mount Titano towers abruptly 2,300 feet into the sky, its three peaks capped by the impressive medieval towers and fortifications of San Marino. This is the smallest and most ancient republic in the world, founded in the fourth century A.D. and independent since the twelfth century. It has some 14,000 inhabitants, with an area of thirty-eight square miles; it is a romantic and picturesque survival of the days of those independent City States whose struggles made up such a large part of the history of Italy up to fairly modern times.

I spent several pleasant hours not long ago wandering through its steep streets, admiring the magnificent views over the Apennines and the Adriatic from the top of its towers, and sampling some of the Moscato wine, sweet and fizzy, which, with colourful postage stamps, is one of its chief exports. But now there are frowns, not smiles, in San Marino, and tempers are rising as a result of the internal political crisis and the reactions to it of the Italian Government.

The trouble began when the two Captains-Regent, who control the country and are in charge of the electoral committees of the legislature, dissolved parliament on the ground that with the resignation of thirty-four opposition members out of the total of sixty members, there was no longer a quorum. The opposition, a coalition of Christian Democrats and non-Communist Socialists, maintained that the action of the Captains-Regent was unconstitutional and declared they would boycott the new elections called for the beginning of November. It so happens that the Captains-Regent and the remainder of the members of parliament were pro-Communist, though not all of them were actual Communists.

Events moved fast after the dissolution of parliament; the oppo-

sition set up a rival government, and from Rome came swift measures intended to complete the rout of the Communists. An economic blockade has been clamped down, which seems to have infuriated everyone. Though the stocks of wine and bread are fairly good, butter is disappearing from the shops, and medical aid and supplies are held up. It is also reported that a number of tourists cannot get out.

The Italian Government have now recognised the opposition as the *de facto* government, but from their uncomfortable headquarters in a disused rubber factory it seems doubtful how effectively they can really govern. An American Note delivered to the factory has been hailed as *de facto* recognition of the opposition party by the United States, but this is not at all clear. One thing which is certain is that the Captains-Regent have asked the Italian Government to set up a commission to arbitrate—a request which the opposition have opposed, and there has been talk of an appeal to the United Nations, of which, incidentally, San Marino is not a member. Loss of power would mean loss of valuable patronage which the Communists have enjoyed for twelve years. The opposition charges them with corruption, but it may well be their real grievance is that a Communist-controlled State hinders good relations with the outside world, in particular that it has prevented the setting-up of a casino, a proved money-maker in a tourist centre. There is also the usual strife over the schools.

Under the treaty with Italy, last renewed in 1939, there is power for the Italian Government to intervene in an emergency—and they could cut off their annual 150,000,000 lire subsidy. But love of liberty dies hard on those rocky slopes, and maybe, even in these days of hydrogen bombs there will yet be a use for the crossbows and rusty firearms, not to mention those in the Arms Museum that are not so rusty!

—*At Home and Abroad* (Home Service)

Asia Takes a New Look at Communism

By TIBOR MENDE

SOME time ago I spent a day in a central Javanese village trying to find out about the problems of a rice-grower and his family. His name was Karjodikromo and his family, like the sixty others in the village, owned less than one acre of land. Already there were more than 200 children in the community, and life was hard because of debts, taxes, and lack of water. The village was hardly visible from the nearby road; thick vegetation held a green umbrella over its sleepy lanes. Though curiously isolated from the outside world, that tiny village had seen a fair amount of history during the past few years. First, the Japanese came and the Dutch were led off into camps; then the Japanese left and the white man came back.

Soon afterwards, there was war again and it ended with new flags marking independence. But that was hardly over when guerrillas came, and, apparently uncontrolled by the new government, asked for food and money.

Yet all this left Karjodikromo and his family little concerned with the outside world. Soekarno's name was familiar; but of Churchill, Stalin, or Eisenhower they had never heard. When I asked whom they knew from outside Java, they mentioned Mohammed and Queen Wilhelmina. To my surprised enquiry, Karjodikromo's answer was curt but definite: Mohammed was a wise man and he used to see the Queen's pictures on postage stamps. Otherwise it was only the money-lender, an occasional politician coming to make speeches, or students from the nearest university who penetrated from outside. Of the Communists, the local Moslem leader had nothing good to say though, as Karjodikromo remarked: 'They promised us better living and they would get us quicker replies when we have to apply to officials'.

After reflection, he added: 'In the countries where there had been a great revolution, the peasants

had machines, plenty of water, and they also run the government'.

That was some time ago. In the meantime, I suppose, Karjodikromo was one of the several million who, in the recent local and municipal elections, made the Communists Java's leading political party. If he was, he merely followed the example of his fellow

Asians in the state of Kerala, in the small south-western state of India. There, a few months earlier, the Communists gained enough votes in the general elections to form their first provincial government.

So, at the two extremities of the immense arch of south-east Asia, Communism came into power elected with all the constitutional formalities. But Java and Kerala, far apart as they are on the map, have a number of things in common. Both are among Asia's most densely populated regions. Java has to feed 54,000,000 people — or two-thirds of Indonesia's

total population — on an area less than a quarter of France. Kerala is one of India's over-populated regions with a high proportion of landless peasants. Both in Java and Kerala there is a disproportionately numerous 'intelligentsia' — people with education they cannot use in the present framework and who go about, unemployed and disgruntled, dreaming of changes which would offer them opportunities to work and to lead.

In both areas, the combination of educated unemployed with an increasing population on the verge of starvation provides the ideal breeding ground for the success of revolutionary extremism. And Java and Kerala are not the only two spots in Asia where this favourable conjuncture exists. There are several others; and they receive increasing attention from the Communist capitals. That, however, is only one side of the picture. Nineteen-fifty-seven may go down in history as the year when the first Communist majorities were constitutionally elected in Asia and it may also mark the turning-point



President Soekarno of Indonesia (left), who visited China in September 1956, driving through Peking with Mr. Mao Tse-tung, Chairman of the Chinese People's Republic



Mr. Chou En-lai, the Chinese Prime Minister, making friends with children in a village near Colombo when he visited Ceylon early this year

when a number of Asian states formerly hostile to Peking or Moscow—and still determined to bar the rise of Communism at home—have begun to modify their foreign policy so as to lead to closer relations with the Communist Powers.

But let us look at the facts first. Indonesia, Burma, and India have adopted a neutral course in their foreign politics ever since they have gained their independence. But countries like Japan, Siam, Ceylon, and the whole of the Middle East seemed to be lastingly associated with the West. During the past eighteen months, however, their attitudes began to change. Parties advocating a neutral foreign policy are steadily gaining strength in Japan, and the number of delegations going to China is on the increase. At her last general elections Ceylon changed course, decided to follow India's neutralist lead and expanded her barter agreements with China. As for the Middle East, the story is too recent to need telling. A number of states there which not long ago appeared settled in their pro-Western attachments are now moving closer to the Communist bloc. True, Pakistan—a country where as yet no general elections have been held—is still tied to Iraq and Turkey in the Baghdad Pact. But Siam, until recently considered one of America's safest allies in Asia, seems to hesitate, and 'neutrality', not so long ago an evil word in the country, is now on the lips of all aspiring politicians.

The Followers of the Western Lead

So, if the political map of Asia can be compared to a huge red disk, only the margin of its southern half still has a different colouring. Along that margin—from east to west—only Japan, the Philippines, South Viet-Nam, Siam, Malaya, Pakistan, Iran, Iraq, Turkey, Jordan, and Saudi Arabia are still the West's allies. Of these, several seem to hesitate and nobody knows what the next few years will bring in the Middle East. To sum up, out of some 1,400,000,000 Asians only about a fifth are still following the Western lead; and nearly half of even that fifth is fast moving towards a neutral position.

How did this come about? The most obvious reason is fear of war. Asians, no less than Europeans, know what nuclear war would mean. Moreover, much more than Europeans, they feel that their immediate problems and aspirations have little to do with the stakes of the Russo-American power conflict. For the same reason they believe that they can gain more—or may even better help the cause of peace—if they keep out. The simple fact that Russia has grown much stronger and that visitors back from China are usually impressed by what they were shown is also important. Most Asian countries are neighbours of one or the other of these giants.

That for the first time the Soviet Union is capable of implementing her promises with loans, equipment, and arms is not a less important cause of the changing political climate. Then, it is gradually realised that nationalism in itself is not economically constructive and that political independence merely provides the freedom to make a great and hard indigenous effort to bring about economic progress. But in the countries where the will, the leaders, and the other conditions exist for such an effort, it is often believed that the West's own economic experience has fewer relevant lessons to offer than the achievements of either Russia or China; both countries which, not so long ago, had to start out from a situation comparable with that in most Asian countries today. Beyond all these considerations, there is the decisive factor of the very different evolution of Western and Communist attitudes to the problems of the Asian peoples.

Since Stalin's death, Soviet policy in Asia has been showing a fast-growing degree of flexibility. The days when, in 1948, Russia ordered armed risings all over south-east Asia, seem to be long over. Today she is no longer trying to use local Communists to create satellites. Instead she encourages and feeds with aid nationalist aspirations in order to create an economic, military, and political climate in which national governments would rather turn to her than to the West for moral or material support. And to do this the Soviet Union has a formidable keyboard on which to play. She offers cheap and long-term loans as well as large-scale technical assistance. She concludes long-term trade agreements which, on the one hand, promise to facilitate the execution of great development projects and industrialisation in general and, on the other, to accept in full or part-payment important pro-

portions of her partners' primary products. The security and stability such long-term contracts offer are in sharp contrast with the uncertainty caused by unsaleable surpluses or by the violent fluctuations of their world market prices.

In addition, in international debates Russia can offer support to her new associates uninhibited by obligations towards allies who are also Colonial Powers. Furthermore, she can point at the lack of racial discrimination within the Communist bloc and, simultaneously, can whip up and exploit all the latent racial susceptibilities of ex-colonial Asians. Finally, rather than asking in exchange adherence to any public anti-Western doctrine, Russia professes to desire no more than the neutrality which, in any case, is tempting to most Asian nationalists. And while doing all this, the Soviet Union makes the political price not too evident: does not ask her partners to be Communists, and appears to be content to await the political dividends her new and subtler methods may yield in the future.

It is perhaps one of the most discouraging aspects of present-day international relations that, for the time being, no readjustments in Western attitudes match these far-reaching changes in Communist practice in Asia. Of course, Britain has given their political independence to half a milliard Asians since 1947. But, from Indonesia to Suez, what people want most these days is liberation from imposed attachments, and the tool of economic progress. The first implies the desire to obtain aid free of alliances, pledges, or bases, and the second development capital and trading conditions which facilitate their take-off into industrialisation.

I should like to insist on the economic aspect. Only a few days ago, near Paris, I was addressing a gathering of Asian students and technicians. Just as during my recent travellings in Asia, I was impressed by their growing realisation that the capital for their economic development will largely have to be made at home. They know that this will not be easy and will demand heavy sacrifices. They know that foreign aid in all this can play only the role of an anaesthetic: not to replace the inevitable sacrifices but merely lessen the hardship. Yet they are reaching the conclusion that they cannot count on even that much from the West. Their arguments are familiar: that the West does not really wish to see them getting industrialised; that the aid they can obtain is mainly military or food surpluses and that the lion's share of even that goes to the socially least deserving regimes. And, to support their case, they point at India's unaided experiment. But of even greater importance is that they begin to believe that the rules of the international trade mechanism deprive them even of the chance of earning the capital they need; that their terms of trade are unfair; that unstable commodity prices render orderly planning impossible; or that they are forced to accept inessential imports when it is capital equipment that they need.

The effect of all these ideas is that a growing number of Asian countries—but particularly those with a pressing population problem—find it increasingly difficult to resist the offers they get from the Communist bloc. From Indonesia to Syria, many of them have already concluded barter agreements with the Communist countries, and often half their raw material exports are tied up in such long-term deals which secure them equipment, technical aid and, indirectly, even loans. The political consequences are only too obvious.

Ceylon's Deal with China

Here is a typical example though by no means the most spectacular. Ceylon had concluded a barter deal with China, selling her annually 50,000 tons of rubber—a little more than half her output—in exchange for rice. Differences were to be settled in pounds sterling and by now China owes Ceylon over £13,000,000. But recently China has been trying to persuade the Ceylonese to take the balance in Chinese manufactured goods so that no money should be involved at all. Some members of the Colombo Government are inclined to accept China's offer to maintain a stable market for their otherwise unsaleable rubber. Yet, clearly, this would give the Chinese growing opportunities to exert economic and, perhaps, even political pressure on Ceylon. That Ceylon would buy that much less industrial goods in the West is rather obvious. On a smaller or larger scale, this is true for most of the Asian countries which were driven into barter deals with

Communist bloc countries. Syria, with her wheat and barley accepted in exchange for equipment and technical aid, is only the latest example.

I think it is possible to list the reasons why, in spite of its obvious drawbacks, one after another of the Asian states turns to the Communist bloc for such arrangements. On the one hand they can be sure that they will obtain the equipment for their development projects or for their industrialisation at reasonable terms. They can obtain long-term loans at 2.5 per cent. interest while shorter Western offers carry two or three times that rate. Then, large teams of competent experts are put at their disposal for technical assistance, geological surveys, as well as for the formation of local personnel even for the highest posts. On the other hand they are freed of the nightmare of unsold commodity surpluses and the surprises their price oscillations hold. It is not difficult to imagine that these terms are rendered only the more attractive when they come together with offers of modern arms without visible political strings. Moreover, even in case of only a mild American recession—the kind economists are forecasting for the months ahead—the prices of their raw materials as well as the West's purchases of them would considerably diminish, and would thus render the Communists' offer the more tempting.

So, while Asia is induced to take a new look at Communism, could not the West also take a new look at the prospects of its future relations with Asia? This would be especially desirable as the new challenge is essentially economic and it is in that field that Western superiority is as yet unquestioned.

To meet this new challenge would inevitably imply far-reaching modifications in traditional Western trading practices. Some mechanism would have to be devised for the absorption of raw material surpluses and the discussions on the stabilisation of commodity prices would have to be resurrected from sub-committee files. Then, at whatever immediate cost, Western loans would have to be made available at low interest rates to help finance realistic industrial and development projects even if they do not necessarily live up to the international lending organisations' classical definitions of profitability. Furthermore, it is likely that certain sectors of Western industry would have to be earmarked exclusively to the equipment of Asian underdeveloped countries so that in quality and delivery dates they should be able to compete with the Communist bloc's efforts.

It is easy to counter that such suggestions are financially unsound or that they would imply revolutionary changes in the West's whole attitude towards the underdeveloped countries of Asia. But are not we facing revolutionary innovations in the Communists' attitudes, and does the sacrifice involved amount to more than a fraction of what we now spend on armaments? Certainly, it is not yet too late to alter the pattern of Asian developments. Yet if there is too much delay it may be asked if there is not a real danger that, tempted really only by the economic part of the Communists' offer—but finding themselves without any real alternative—more and more Asian countries may not be swayed to accept the entire model of development the Communists are so insistently offering to them.—*Third Programme*

The Last Days of Tsarism

The first of six talks on Russia by SIR ROBERT BRUCE LOCKHART

AS a young Vice-Consul of twenty-four I arrived in Moscow early in January, 1912. Previously I had spent three months in the Foreign Office. Otherwise I had no experience apart from my knowledge of French and German.

In those days our Consulate was the poorest and most insignificant of all the Powers. We had no clerk, and my first job was to learn Russian as quickly as possible so that I could speak, write, and type it. I therefore took up my quarters with a Russian family which consisted of the widow of Tolstoy's friend and fellow-author Ertel, her second daughter, and her niece. This was a happy and most beneficial turn of fate for me. Madame Ertel was a strict and excellent teacher, and I learnt quickly. Moreover, all the family had both liberal and literary associations, and through their kindly help I came into touch with the political and progressive elements.

As far as the left was concerned, it was rather a gloomy period. During and after the Russo-Japanese War there had been in 1905 and 1906 a sporadic revolution. There had been even a Soviet of Workmen Deputies, and in its latter period a young man called Trotsky, then in his twenties, was its president. The revolution, however, failed, and in 1912 both Lenin and Trotsky were in exile abroad. Stalin was in Siberia, and the most important of the Bolsheviks in Russia itself was Molotov. Given no war, the prospects of another revolution were almost negligible.

From January, 1912, to July, 1914, I worked hard at my Russian and made rapid progress. I had also made good friends in the various elements of the mixed Moscow society and for two years I played for a workers' football team—which won the League championship both years. This was a valuable connection, for it brought me in touch with Russian working men and gave me an insight into their character. They were good fellows, and I believe if football and other games had been brought into their lives many years sooner, history might have been written differently. Provided that one was an official and was not mixed up in politics, life was pleasant, and the theatre and the ballet were then far ahead of what they are today.

Unpleasant was the dreadful contrast between poverty and wealth. There were, too, miserable creatures who, even in the

depth of winter, went in rags and sought comfort in vodka, which was a state monopoly and was not only very strong but very cheap: a half-litre bottle cost only sixpence. Worst of all, perhaps, was the illiteracy among the workers and especially the peasants. It was as high as 75 per cent., and this meant roughly that between them the so-called aristocracy and the bourgeoisie represented at most only 25 per cent. of the population. This was the fundamental weakness of Tsarist Russia.

In July, 1913, there was an important change in my life. Moscow was raised to a Consulate-General, and in the autumn Clive Bayley, the new Consul-General, arrived. He had nearly all the qualities that providence could give: experience, charm, wealth, powers of decision, and administrative ability of a high quality. All that was missing was the knowledge of any language but English. He moved the Consulate-General into a good building in a good street and took for himself a fine flat on the best street in Moscow. We got on famously. British stock with the Moscow people went up enormously, and I came to know many more people, especially among the deputies of the Duma, the Russian name for their parliament, and the Moscow city council.

Before the first world war began I had acquired a sound knowledge of the Russian language. I had also developed real affection, which remains to this day, for the intelligentsia and for the ordinary people. Their hospitality and their natural contempt for the middle way made them interesting companions. On the other hand, I never thought them efficient in practical matters. They spent the night in discussing how the world should be reformed or not reformed. When the morning came they were too tired to put words into action. As for the bureaucracy, it was probably the slowest in the world. I always felt that if a western European were prepared to go to Russia and work really hard for four hours a day he could hardly help making a fortune if he were in business or a successful career if he were an official.

The pleasant tenor of my existence was rudely disturbed by the assassination of the Austrian Archduke Franz Ferdinand by three Serbs on June 28, 1914. Straight away Austria sent an ultimatum to Serbia and mobilised. In Russia the atmosphere became tense, for the Russians felt themselves the protectors of

(continued on page 567)

The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rate, U.S. and Canadian edition: \$7.50, including postage. Special rate for two years \$12.50; for three years \$17.00. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, England, or to usual agents. Entered as second-class mailing matter at the Post Office, New York, N.Y. Trade distributors within U.S.A., The Eastern News Company, New York 14, N.Y.

State Visit

ON Saturday morning bright and early Her Majesty the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh leave these shores for their State visit to Canada and the United States of America. This will be the fourth State visit they will have made this year—Portugal in February, France in April, Denmark in May. The Queen while Princess Elizabeth, it will be remembered, visited Canada with the Duke in 1951, and as the start of that visit had to be postponed owing to the serious illness of King George VI they travelled by air so as to make up for lost time. They were in fact the first members of the Royal family to fly from the Mother Country to one of the Dominions across the sea. In the course of that tour they also visited Washington. Thus the forthcoming visit will be their second to Canada and the States. In the case of Canada the visit should more properly be referred to as a period of residence there.

Among the highlights of this residence in the Dominion will be a radio and television broadcast which Her Majesty is to make to the people of Canada on Sunday evening, and the opening of the Canadian Parliamentary Session on Monday afternoon—the first time in history that a reigning monarch has performed this ceremony. A broadcast, too, will be given by the Duke on 'Human Problems in Areas of Industrial Expansion', recalling memories of the Commonwealth Study Conference he inaugurated in Oxford last year.

Of the full programme that has been arranged for the Royal visitors in the United States, beginning with a tour of Jamestown, now celebrating the three-hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the first permanent British settlement in the New World, taking in Williamsburg, four days in Washington, and after that a day in New York where, one gathers, a traditional ticker-tape reception is to be accorded and where the Queen will address the General Assembly of the United Nations—of this programme details have already appeared in the press. They make it clear that the engagements in the places to be visited are of a comprehensive nature. It is obvious, too, that there will be plenty of opportunities for the people to demonstrate the warmth of their welcome. This they may be expected to do—if experience is anything to go by—in no half-hearted manner. What one may perhaps tend to forget is the degree of strain—easy to underestimate—to which the Royal visitors, in spite of the joyousness of the occasion, will inevitably be subjected, and that, too, in a country which may be said to specialise in the art and science of high-powered publicity. State visits are indeed no light undertaking, and in wishing our Queen and her husband *bon voyage*, one may couple with that wish the hope that their sojourn overseas will prove in every way as enjoyable to them and as fruitful of good feeling as we all, and not least their warm-hearted hosts, would wish it to be.

What They Are Saying

Broadcast comments from Moscow and Warsaw

SHORTLY BEFORE MIDNIGHT (GMT) on Oct. 5, *Tass* announced that a satellite, about two feet in diameter, and weighing about 180 lb., had been launched into space by a rocket. It was circling the earth at a speed of five miles a second, at a height of over 500 miles. The first reaction from countries all over the world was one of admiration for this scientific feat. Subsequent reaction from some western countries coupled these expressions of admiration with expressions of some anxiety, because of the military implications of this evidence of Soviet rocket development, and the possible destructive uses to which a satellite could be put.

Following the first announcement, Moscow radio broadcast a comment by a Soviet rocket expert, who said the launching of the first satellite was not only a tremendous scientific event in the life of mankind but also the first stage in the conquest of inter-planetary space. In a few years, he said, flights to the moon would become as much a reality as the launching of the first satellite. On the following day, a Moscow broadcast said that by noon on October 6, the satellite had already circled the earth twenty-two times, covering a distance of about 1,000,000 kilometres, or more than twice the distance from the earth to the moon. An article by a Russian scientist in *Red Star* was quoted as saying that the radio sets in the satellite are fed by an ordinary battery, with a life of several weeks; but in future satellites, solar energy could be used.

While the attention of commentators everywhere was being captured by the news of this startling development in Warsaw clashes were taking place between police and demonstrators, and in Yugoslavia Mr. Djilas—after a secret trial—was receiving a new sentence of seven years' imprisonment for 'hostile propaganda' in the form of his book, *The New Class*. In a broadcast from Warsaw, where students demonstrated against the ban on their journal *Pro Prostu*, the Commander of the Warsaw militia claimed there was no alternative to the measures taken by the security forces. 'Where persuasion and appeals are without effect', he said, 'the law must be enforced even by severe measures'. He admitted that many people other than demonstrators had been injured. Warsaw radio broadcast a statement by the Party Executive approving the suspension of the journal, which, it said, had aggressively opposed the policy of the party and Government and had distorted political and economic realities.

A number of western commentators deplored the Polish Communist authorities' resort to force to suppress the students' demands and expressed anxiety lest the clashes should develop into a repetition of events in Hungary. Many western commentators also deplored the Yugoslav Communist authorities' decision to hold Mr. Djilas' trial in secret, to pass so heavy a prison sentence on him, and to suppress his book in Yugoslavia. All three measures, they said, confirmed Mr. Djilas' analysis of Communist regimes and their tyranny over the human mind.

The eighth anniversary of the proclamation of the Chinese People's Republic received maximum publicity throughout the Communist camp. In a ninety-minute relay of a meeting in Moscow on the occasion, the main Soviet speaker declared that Chinese working people were unanimous in their view that they could no more exist without the Communist Party than the earth could exist without the sun. On United States policy towards China, the speaker declared:

Even British bourgeois journalists compare Dulles with the mad English King Canute who imagined he could stop the waves of the sea.

Moscow broadcasts repeatedly deplored the fact that China was being denied its 'legitimate place' at the United Nations. *Pravda* was quoted as saying that in the 'rectification' campaign inside China, the Chinese workers had 'risen as one man' against the Rightists and had 'smashed their anti-Communist plans'. Messages from the Soviet leaders to their Chinese counterparts stressed that 'the resolute struggle against anti-social elements strengthens still further the dictatorship of the proletariat'. Peking radio broadcast Mr. Chou En-lai's speech at a reception attended by 2,000 people, in which he said the world was entering a 'people's era'.

Did You Hear That?

THOSE WERE THE DAYS

'COLLINS' MUSIC HALL, in a crowded, unfashionable part of London, is a theatre that has been in the news lately because it seemed likely the other day that it was going to be pulled down. But it has been saved very promptly', said CYRIL RAY, in 'London Calling Asia'. 'It was announced on a Monday that it might be turned into offices, and by the Wednesday a theatrical producer had bought it, in order to keep it as it is now—a popular music hall. In other words, a theatre where you can see Variety turns: dancers, jugglers, acrobats, comedians, and so on. There are photographs in the dusty, cosy, old bar of performances of this kind of the past half a century; and in the theatre itself there is the same homely shabbiness about the plush tip-up seats and the faded gilding round the boxes.

'There are not many music halls of this kind left now, and I am bound to admit the reason is that there is not much of a public left for this kind of entertainment—the great days of the English music hall were at the beginning of this century before the moving pictures, and then the talking pictures, and then the radio, and then television. All of these media, one after another, took to themselves some of the talent and the personality that might have gone on to the music-hall stage, and drained away some of the audiences that might have gone to watch them.

'But those days that I mentioned are still within living memory, and that is why there is a sort of nostalgic glamour about Collins' Music Hall, because it is one of the very few places left where middle-aged and elderly people can remember seeing the great personalities of twenty, thirty, and forty years ago—Marie Lloyd, for instance, who sang robust songs that were full of gusto and vitality; Little Tich, the tiny genius of a comedian, and an unknown young Londoner called Charlie Chaplin. And great personalities they were, too—they did not need microphones to be heard at the back of the theatre, and needed only to walk on to the stage, some of them, to hold the audience in the palm of their hand.

'It may be true that much of that personality has gone, but the atmosphere is still there, in a shabby, old-fashioned theatre like Collins'. You can feel it whenever you go in, and recognise, too, that feeling of kinship between performer and audience that does not exist in the cinema, or in front of a television screen, or in a smart theatre in a fashionable part of town. The comedian or the juggler of today may not be quite in the same street as George Robey or the other great ones of the past, but the audience recognises him as being in the same tradition, and one of themselves into the bargain'.

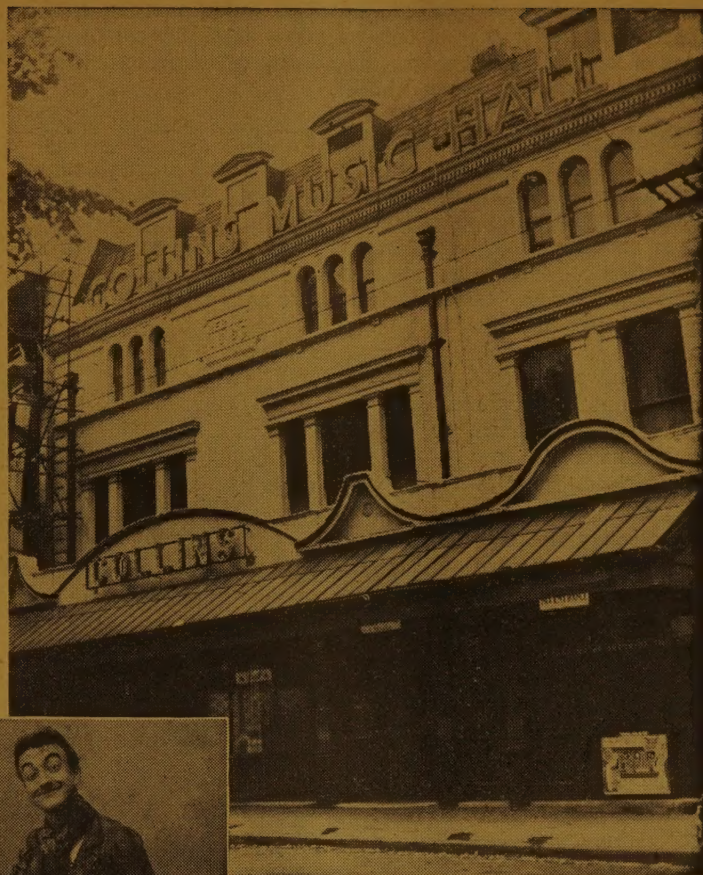
Marie Lloyd, 'who sang robust songs', and (right) Little Tich, 'the tiny genius of a comedian'



Marie Lloyd, 'who sang robust songs', and (right) Little Tich, 'the tiny genius of a comedian'



Mander-Mitchenson Theatre Collection



Collins' Music Hall, Islington

annual general meeting in the village hall is fewer than ten.

'But this last year things were very different, all because of the Rock 'n' Roll Club started by the Kilner family. Roy Kilner and his two sisters thought it would be a good idea to start a club among the teen-agers to hold rock 'n' roll dances in the village hall. They bought records and loudspeaker equipment from the local music shop and they gave a series of

dances which were extremely successful. Successful because to teen-agers there is magic in the name rock 'n' roll; and successful because it was something they were doing for themselves, instead of having it done for them.

'They had just reached the stage of having paid for the equipment when the bombshell burst. Rock 'n' roll was to be banned on the grounds that the floor of the village hall was being damaged.

'Immediately an extraordinary thing happened. Cranleigh has a corporate sense of having no corporate sense. Almost everybody you meet announces proudly that he or she knows nobody else in Cranleigh. But what appeared an injustice brought a large number of people together in indignation. The Rock 'n' Roll Club circulated a petition for signatures and the village hall committee realised that their decision must be revoked, and they found a way out. It was announced at the beginning of the annual general meeting in the village hall that the Rock 'n' Roll Club could resume.

'At that meeting instead of half a dozen members of the public, there were about forty ratepayers and, what was immensely moving, about 250 teen-agers, perfectly behaved but determined to see justice done.

'One might have thought that the meeting would have been

DEMOCRACY AND ROCK 'N' ROLL

'Cranleigh', said ARTHUR CALDER-MARSHALL in 'Town and Country', 'is the largest village in England. I do not know exactly what that means except if it stopped being a village it would have a different sort of local council. And the people who sit on the council are happy the way things are and nobody else cares one way or another. The average public attendance at the

an anticlimax, its objective having been gained at the very outset. But there you would be wrong. Democracy takes long to mobilise; and it takes equally long to demobilise. We had come along to demand that justice would be done and we spent an exciting couple of hours insisting on the concessions which had already been made before we started. It was a grand evening and it proved conclusively that though we might be indifferent to most issues of local government we stood firm by the democratic liberty of those who wished to rock 'n' roll'.

BRITISH RAILWAYS IN MINIATURE

JOHN TIDMARSH visited an exhibition of model railways which was on show in London and spoke about it in 'The Eye-witness'.

'I have just seen the Atlantic Coast express, Waterloo to Exeter and Ilfracombe, go thundering past the Flying Scotsman, King's Cross to Edinburgh', he said. 'Normally, British Railways would not have any excuse for a mistake as grave as that, but it happened not on the main lines but on their model railway layout. This layout was built with the idea of touring the country to show off models of some of the modern carriages, locomotives, and equipment used by British Railways today. It is such an enormous layout, that the two young men from the Publicity Department who travel with it need about four days to put it together. There are, in fact, about 600 feet of track with stations, shunting yards, bridges, and tunnels, and the usual trackside scenery — houses and farms, cars, lorries, and petrol stations. There are models of two other crack expresses, the Red Dragon for South Wales in the chocolate-and-cream livery of Western Region, and the Royal Scots in the maroon of Midland Region. There is also a Pullman train, and models of some of the latest diesel locomotives.

'Many of the models are made by British Railways' staff in their workshops at Stratford, in east London, and they do their best to see that the model layout keeps up with British Railways' modernisation programme. For instance, they will soon be introducing electric trains running on the overhead system. I did see one small layout for this overhead electric system. It is made by a firm in West Germany, but, although you can obtain it in this country, it is rather expensive.

'Since the last exhibition in London, a new miniature-size model railway has come into being: the T.T. scale. I saw a working layout in this T.T. scale, and I thought it most impressive. I watched an engine draw four coaches into a terminus, uncouple itself, and run back down the adjoining line and recouple on what was now the front end of the train. The great advantage of the T.T. scale is that you can have an attractive working layout in a comparatively small space'.

MR. DOPPILOW'S DANDELION

REG DRAKE, in 'Through East Anglian Eyes', told the following story: "'It is very small", observed Mr. Doppilow, "the smallest that ever was, I grew it myself". His visitor, who represented a seedsman of no small repute, leaned thoughtfully upon his rolled umbrella with his head inclined just the merest trifle to one side. He regarded the tiny yellow flower in the pot on the greenhouse shelf and smiled. "It is no doubt attractive", he said, "but as I

see it, it is only in an early stage of development". "But think of the triumph", objected Mr. Doppilow, "It has been reared from the wild variety by cross-pollination with the sundew and, as you can see, I have produced a flower whose qualities I have not the slightest doubt will improve from year to year. I shall have it named, and 'Doppilow's Delectable', I think, would not be inappropriate".

"Mr. Doppilow", said his visitor, "I am sorry to disappoint you, but I have my doubts as to its stamina and so, on behalf of my firm, I must regretfully inform you that, at the moment, it presents no attraction to us as a commercial investment".

Mr. Doppilow bubbled with rage. "No stamina!" he shouted, "No stamina? But your green periwinkle is a weakling to my dandelion. I promise you, sir, that I will have your firm on their knees to me for a specimen before the summer is over. They shall crawl for this. The garden world will rave about my Doppilow's Delectable and your miserable firm shall not have a seed, not one

seed, sir. Go, my man, before I lose my self-control", and Mr. Doppilow handled a heavy syringe in a threatening manner.

His visitor retired somewhat too fast for dignity from the hothouse, and Mr. Doppilow watched him until he disappeared round the bend of the path where the red delphiniums bloomed. Then he shut the hothouse door and turned to his tiny creation of a flower. For three hours he worked in the heat, potted and planted and potted around as only he knew how.

'No stamina, indeed! Then Doppilow would show them! And show them he did. In late summer his garden was a sight to see.

All the beds were filled with Doppilow's Delectable, filled and flowing over. There they were on the lawn, massed in their thousands like crocuses in spring. Boxes of them flanked the garden gates, neat rows lined the paths. The house itself was a triumph. The roof was a golden canopy of Doppilows. The window sills welled over with them. They festooned from the troughing and enspiralled the downpipes. Out from the crannies amongst the bricks they poured. In the sunset the old house shone with golden radiance, and children, like crazy bees to honey, would swarm the garden gates to see. And the old man like a peacock walked the paths in strutting senile pride, a Doppilow's Delectable in every buttonhole.

'Autumn came and the flowers ran to seed. Next year the garden was a wilderness of glory. The lanes around were choked with them. The autumn winds had done their work and clouds of seed sped far and wide. His neighbours looked upon them with delight until, within a year, the flower had spread until the very fields and streets were choked with them.

'Then, sponsored, it is said, by the very seedsman who had spurned the flower, the weed killer appeared, and what had been a wonder became a pest. And it was only after enormous expense that the fields were rid of the scourge. Doppilow-land became a memory, and except for a dozen blooms in a tiny hothouse, the flower was never seen again.

'But sometimes, in the summer evenings, a little man still chuckles in his beard and dreams of crimson buttercups and of a great convolvulus with blooms of dazzling blue that one day could be looped about the pylons that beset the land. "No stamina?" he says, "No stamina, indeed!"



Some of the engines on view at the exhibition of model railways recently seen in London

Law in Action

The Car and the Log Book

By RAPHAEL POWELL

ON November 4, 1955, a well-dressed distinguished-looking stranger arrived in a Hillman at a car-dealer's showroom in Newbury. He said that he wanted to buy a car and offered the Hillman in part exchange. The salesman showed him a Morris. It was agreed that he should take the Morris on hire-purchase.

The stranger signed a proposal form offering to enter into a hire-purchase agreement with a finance company. The finance company would make enquiries. If it was satisfied it would buy the car and let it to the hirer. In his proposal form the stranger gave an address in Swindon and the name and address of his employer. With the proposal form other forms were to be sent to the finance company. There was a dealer's statement in which the dealer declared that the car would not be delivered except on the company's instructions. In addition a hire-purchase agreement and a receipt were signed by the hirer but were not to be effective until the company accepted the proposal. However, the salesman was so impressed with his customer that he felt certain that the finance company would not turn down the proposal. So he took the Hillman, let the stranger have the Morris and even gave him the log book for the Morris. The stranger drove off and the salesman never saw him again.

Meanwhile, the forms were sent to the finance company. Next morning the company telephoned to say that they thought the stranger was a fraud. The address in Swindon did not exist. The alleged employer was fictitious. Even the Hillman did not belong to the stranger.

Of course, the Newbury dealers wanted to get back the Morris. Apparently the stranger had found little difficulty in selling it to a dealer in Birkenhead in return for an open cheque for £200. He cashed the cheque and went on his way rejoicing. The dealer sold the Morris to an innocent buyer who bought it on hire-purchase with the aid of another finance company. The Newbury dealers traced the car and claimed that it belonged to them. They asked for its return. When it was not returned they sued the innocent buyer and his finance company for damages for conversion.

The Court's Dilemma

Here then is our problem. Two innocent parties are deceived by the frauds of a rogue. The rogue cannot be sued because he has disappeared. Even if he had not disappeared he was probably not worth suing because he would be unlikely to have enough money or property to satisfy a judgement against him. So the owner of the car sues the person in whose hands he eventually finds it. This person says: 'I paid for the car, I know nothing of these frauds. I bought the car in good faith'. To that the owner replies: 'I sympathise. I am innocent, too. But, after all, it is *my* car'. So the court has to decide which of these two innocents is to suffer. It is a difficult question, and one which is often before the courts.

In 1787 a judge propounded a broad general principle for solving the court's dilemma¹. He suggested that the one who enabled the rogue to occasion the loss ought to bear it. So in our case the innocent buyer would retort to the owner: 'Your salesman was very careless to part with the Morris and its log book before the finance company had given its approval. His negligence enabled this rogue to commit a further fraud'. That was the view taken by the judge in the County Court and he gave judgement against the Newbury dealers. When they appealed, that was also the view of Lord Justice Denning, now Lord Denning. But the majority of the Court of Appeal held a different view and held that the Newbury dealers were entitled to have their car back again².

The Newbury dealers did not deny that their salesman had been negligent. Nor did they deny that the immediate result of his negligence was to arm the rogue with the means of com-

mitting a fraud. Why, then, did they succeed? One reason is that the law has tended to be much concerned that the owner of goods should not lose the right to recover them. Only in exceptional cases does the law protect the innocent buyer of goods. Even if a man is negligent in parting with the possession of his goods he will not lose his ownership. As long as he can trace the goods he can recover them.

Positive Representation

However, if the owner is not merely negligent but positively represents to X that A owns the goods, the owner may be estopped, that is prevented, from denying the truth of that representation. If X believes the owner's representation and acts on it, for example by paying A for the goods when A tries to sell them to him, the court will prevent the owner from asserting his ownership against X. And the result of this estoppel is that X will become the owner of the goods. So estoppel creates a qualification to the general rule that the law protects ownership and rights of property.

As might be expected, estoppel played an important part in the Newbury case. The innocent buyer contended that the Newbury dealers were estopped by their salesman's conduct from denying the rogue's authority to sell the Morris. By handing over the car and the log book they had in effect represented that the rogue had authority to dispose of the car. So they could not say now in the witness box that they had never made any such representation. They were estopped from doing so. But did the delivery of the car and the log book amount to such a representation? If the salesman had delivered only the car, he might have given the rogue *power* to dispose of it, but he certainly would not have given him authority. Every day you entrust your goods to others—to the cleaner, the cobbler, and the cloak-room attendant. That does not mean that you give these persons authority to sell the things you leave with them.

The position would change, however, if the salesman not only handed over the car to the rogue but also represented to someone that the rogue had authority to sell the car. The court had to decide whether handing him the log book as well as the car amounted to such a representation. To have that effect the log book must be, as it were, the mouthpiece of the owner of the car. It must say that the man who produced it either owns the car or has the owner's authority to sell the car.

What is the Purpose of the Log Book?

In fact the log book does not say either of these things. Indeed it warns the reader that 'the person in whose name a vehicle is registered may or may not be the legal owner of the vehicle'. Then what is the purpose of the log book? When a licence is first given for a car the licensing authority must register the car and give it a registration mark. A registration book is issued showing that this has been done. This is the log book. It must be produced by the 'owner' for inspection on the request of a policeman or a local taxation officer. But the regulations define the 'owner' as the person by whom the vehicle is kept and used.

The legal owner of a car is the person who can sell the car and give a good title to it to a buyer. But the person by whom the vehicle is kept and used is not necessarily the legal owner. If a car is being bought on hire-purchase, the legal owner is the finance company, although it is the hirer who is the registered owner. Again, a dealer who buys a car for resale often does not register himself as the owner. There the dealer is the legal owner but the person who sold the car to him remains the registered owner.

So clearly you cannot assume that a person who is in possession of the log book, even if he also has the car, is the legal

¹*Lichbarrow v. Mason* (1787) 2 T.R. 63, at p. 70, per Ashhurst, J.

²*Central Newbury Car Auctions Ltd. v. Unity Finance, Ltd.* [1957] 1 Q.B. 371

owner of the car. Further, the courts have held that the log book is not a document of title to the car. The primary purpose of a document of title is to show that the person who produces it is entitled to dispose of the property to which it refers. The primary purpose of the log book is to show that the person registered as the owner is under a duty to pay the licence tax for the car.

The log book, then, makes no representation of ownership. In many, if not most, cases the registered owner is also the legal owner. Whether he is or not, if he is wise he will keep the log book in a safe place at home or at his office. He will not usually keep it with the car. Otherwise a thief could get hold of both the car and the log book.

But let us return to our main theme. You might well suppose that there must be two sides to a representation. There is a person by whom the representation is made—in our case the owner. And there is a person to whom the representation is made—in our case the innocent buyer. However, it is difficult to understand how the innocent buyer in the Newbury case could prove that a representation had been made to him by the owner, that is by the Newbury dealers. The buyer did not even know of the owner's existence until the owner came on to the scene as the person who claimed to have his car back. And the owner did not know of the buyer's existence until he had traced the car to the buyer.

There are some judges, however, who argue in this way. They say that a representation can be made by conduct. It is true that the owner did not know of the particular buyer's existence at the moment when his conduct was careless. But he did know, or at any rate ought to have known, that somewhere in the world there would be some buyer who would be deceived as a result of that conduct. Applying this idea to our case, the Newbury dealers, by their careless conduct in parting with the car and the log book, represented to the world—or at any rate to the world of prospective car buyers—that the rogue had authority to sell the car. As a result, it was said, any innocent buyer who was in fact deceived later on could say that the representation had been made to him. To put the matter in another way, the careless conduct of the Newbury dealers was like a broadcast which could be picked up by any innocent buyer who tuned in to the dealers' wavelength.

It is this analogy, perhaps, which exposes what may be a fallacy in the argument. When you tune in to a programme you tune in at the very time it is being broadcast. Even if it is recorded, you tune in at the moment the recording is being broadcast. But the Newbury dealers made their broadcast only at one moment of time. So you would have to imagine that it was being perpetually broadcast until the innocent buyer ultimately picked it up. Or, as lawyers say, you must suppose that the representation continued to be made until it was acted upon.

The idea of a representation to the world, however, has not been universally approved. Some judges regard it as no more than a tenuous attempt to avoid the limitations of the principle of estoppel.

Parting with the Property

In the Newbury case, Lord Denning based his judgement on yet another ground. So far I have been talking of the salesman 'parting with' the Morris. That is an ambiguous phrase. You may part with only the possession of your car, for example when you lend it to somebody or leave it at a garage for repairs, and the car still remains your property. Or you may part with the property in the car, that is to say with the full ownership of it. In the Newbury case, Lord Justice Hodson and Lord Justice Morris said that the salesman parted only with the possession, because there had been no final contract with the rogue. But Lord Denning thought that, contract or no contract, the real test was whether the owner intended to part with the property or behaved as if that were his intention. When the Newbury dealers parted with the Morris to the rogue they did not know he was a rogue. They thought the deal would go through and that the finance company would accept the proposal. They had the Hillman in exchange and intended to keep it for sale. They had said 'goodbye' to the distinguished-looking stranger, the Morris and the log book. In other words, they behaved as if they intended to part with all their rights in the Morris. True, there was still the condition that the finance

company should accept the hirer's proposal. But that was a private reservation. It could not affect an innocent buyer who did not know of it. The Newbury dealers had still behaved as if they intended to pass the property and so must take the consequences.

What consequences? An owner induced by fraud to part with the property in his goods can avoid the transaction. But he must do so before the goods come into the hands of an innocent buyer. Otherwise the innocent buyer can defeat the owner's claim. The generally accepted reason for this rule is that the owner, by not avoiding the transaction quickly once he discovers the fraud, enables the rogue to sell the goods to an innocent buyer. In other words it depends on what I will call, paradoxically, negative conduct—the indolence, if you like, of the owner.

Need for a New Rule

It would seem, then, that Lord Denning regards negative and positive behaviour alike. He appears to be aiming at a general rule which could be stated simply in this way: 'Wherever the owner's careless conduct, whether positive or negative, enables a rogue to dispose of the owner's goods, the owner cannot recover those goods from an innocent buyer'.

As we have seen, however, that is not the present position of the law. The present general rule is that the rights of the owner of goods are preserved even if he is careless. Only in a few exceptional cases will the innocent buyer prevail against him. Lord Denning says that the general rule runs counter to the needs of a commercial country. An innocent buyer of goods should be able to feel that his purchase is safe in his hands and that he can freely dispose of it himself if he wishes to do so.

The question, therefore, is whether the general rule ought to be altered. Should we not substitute for it a rule which would prevent the owner from recovering his goods wherever his carelessness has enabled a rogue to dispose of the goods to an innocent buyer? Morally at any rate it can be said that the innocent buyer has a better right to the goods than an owner who has been negligent in parting with them.

Yet how far would such a rule go? It ought to apply to any kind of carelessness of the owner. If it applies only where he has done a positive act enabling the rogue to deceive a third party—such as handing over a car and its log book—it may still be linked up in some way with the technical and complex rules of estoppel. But why should it not apply also to careless omissions by the owner? Suppose, for example, that a car-owner leaves his car in the street unlocked, with the ignition key in place, and with the log book on the seat. Then a thief drives the car away and sells it to a dealer. The owner has done nothing on which estoppel or anything like estoppel could be founded. He has made no representation that the thief had authority to sell the car. He has done no positive act enabling the rogue to deceive the dealer. He has merely been careless.

So the new general rule cannot rationally be founded on estoppel. Legislation is needed. A new duty of care must be placed on all property owners. No longer would the owner have an absolute right to recover his property, subject only to a few limited exceptions. Instead he would have a conditional right—the condition being that he has exercised due care to protect himself against the loss of his property.

If there is to be legislation, perhaps the law might be made less one-sided. At present the whole loss is borne by one party—the owner or the innocent buyer. Legislation could provide for an apportionment of the loss. A careless owner, for example, might be allowed to recover his property provided that he pays the buyer a percentage of his loss, depending on the relative degrees of carelessness of both parties. In any case, legislation should provide for the burden of proof in legal proceedings. Is it for the owner to prove that he has taken due care, or should the buyer prove that the owner was careless? Is it for the buyer to prove that he bought in all innocence, or should the owner prove that the buyer was less than innocent?

These speculations suggest that there is room for further development of the law on this subject; but whether this can be done without legislation and a far-reaching reconsideration of the nature of rights of property must surely remain open to doubt. That is the true lesson of the Newbury case.—*Third Programme*

Living at Shaw's Corner

By C. J. CASSERLEY

LET me admit at once that we did not know what we were letting ourselves in for when we took Shaw's Corner on lease from the National Trust. All we wanted was a home. We have got that—with a lot more thrown in. We had always lived in London, but when our two boys grew out of their prams we realised that they needed something better than a Chelsea garden to play in. We took a furnished house in Sussex whilst we looked round for somewhere to settle. As we were neither very rich nor very poor, we could not afford to buy a house. We were looking for something to rent, to the continual and obvious enjoyment of the estate agents we met. We were beginning to tire of being told that houses to let were a thing of the past, when we remembered reading about Shaw's Corner. I rang up the National Trust, and we moved in during August 1956.

By then, we had some idea of what was in store for us, for when it was announced that the house had been let at last, and to us, we became the object of what is known as 'world-wide publicity'. Even so, it is a peculiar experience to have your few possessions unloaded from the van before the all-seeing eye of a television camera. Unpacking is made all the more interesting when a microphone is pushed through the window at you on the end of a long pole, and you are invited to comment upon the decorations.

We have lived here now for a little over a year. The first thing I should like to say is that Shaw's Corner is not the ugly house it is conventional to accuse Shaw of having lived in. It is a com-

fortable, solid family house that was built as a rectory. Because Shaw was a controversial character, his house has become controversial too, but now that I live in it I resent its being called ugly. In defending Shaw's choice of a house, I do not wish it to be thought that I am defending everything in it. Several people



'Shaw's Corner' at Ayot St. Lawrence

Photographs: A. F. Kersting

viewed it before we did, and I can see why it was still available when we came along.

It is a large house by modern standards: on the ground floor there are three large rooms and a good-sized hall, apart from the kitchens; on the first floor, six bedrooms and a bathroom, and four more bedrooms on the top floor. The few rooms that the Shaws themselves used were tolerably decorated, but as the downstairs ones are open to the public we do not use them, so their decoration was not very much help to us. The rooms we do use—the kitchens and all the rooms on the two floors above—give us quite enough space, but their condition when we first saw them a year ago had to be seen to be believed.

You will understand what I mean when I say that the local decorator, who did a few urgently necessary jobs for us, remarked one day that the last time any serious work was done on the house was when he was an apprentice before the first world war. I could well believe it. We have turned the kitchen into our dining-room while the old scullery has become our kitchen. Both were painted an appalling shade of brown half-way up the wall, with an indescribable dried egg above that. This colour scheme, if you could call it that, extended over most of the passages and staircases, and even into some of the secondary rooms. The paint had worn off in the others, so I do not know what they had been like; but the brown in particular was enough to send any self-respecting house-hunter running. It re-



The drawing-room, from which one looks south over five miles of countryside

minded one strongly of the nastier kind of institution and could, I feel, have been chosen only by a Fabian.

The scullery was painfully old-fashioned, with a great brown copper in the corner and pipes straggling all over the walls. It is amazing what a bit of paint will do, but I cannot help thinking that it might have done as much for Shaw's unfortunate staff about thirty years ago. The fault is hardly his, though, for in the forty-four years that he lived at Shaw's Corner, he never once went through the door leading from the hall to the back staircase and kitchens.

The thing that overcame all these drawbacks for us and which makes Shaw's Corner such a delightful place is its position. Although I am only an hour from my office just off Fleet Street, we are deep in the country, three miles from the nearest bus stop. We have four acres of charming garden, and from our drawing-room window we can see due south towards London for nearly five miles. There is only one rooftop in sight.

A year ago I knew nothing about gardening. All my adult life has been spent either at sea or in London. My fingers are more white than green, but now, after a year of fumbling, I am just beginning to understand what it is that I want other people to do. The four acres were kept in order during Shaw's lifetime by three gardeners. After he died, the National Trust caretaker strove heroically to keep weeds at bay for the five years before we arrived; but now they have come in like the tide, and I hate to think how much time and money I have to spend on keeping everything under control. This is worth while, however, for the garden can look really beautiful — the deep green lawns and great high trees combine to create an atmosphere of serenity that is remarked upon at once by all who visit the house.

It is this business of being open to the public that makes Shaw's Corner different. Most other houses that are open are big enough for the family living there to be separated by distance and a corps of professional guides from the visiting public. In our case, we live in a much smaller house and we show people round ourselves.

When we took the house we were obliged under the lease to open it on Saturday afternoons only, but we soon found that the public turned up on Sundays anyway, so we stayed open then as well. It is just not possible to close the door to 100 people in one day. You spend so much time opening it to say that you are closed, that you might as well leave it open. The problem became more urgent when Lady Hart Dyke moved the Lullingstone Silk Farm to Ayot House, only 300 yards from us and plumb in the middle of the village of Ayot St. Lawrence. We soon learned that the silk farm would be open seven days a week from April to September. It was obvious that once people had come all the way to Ayot St. Lawrence they would not go away without wanting to see Shaw's Corner. It would be Sunday afternoon all over again. So we decided that we too would be open seven days a week, and it has been quite successful. During the week we have been getting parties from schools, women's institutes, townswomen's guilds and so on, while at week-ends we are busy with family parties, and, oddly enough, motor-rally drivers.

All this activity has made nonsense of our private lives. My wife has two young children and a large house to look after while I have my career to think about. Fortunately for us, my mother has been staying with us all the summer, and she has nobly borne the brunt of it, but we have all had to work a seven-day week.

I think my wife and I have slipped out to a cinema twice this summer. For all that, it has been worth it, and now we so love the house that we should hate to leave it. Since we came here, we have had about 7,000 visitors. Foreigners particularly are good value for money, especially those who refuse to understand that the house is in private occupation, and not a national shrine to Shaw. Germans can never understand this; we had one charmer who stamped round telling the twenty-odd people who were in the house at the time that they should all be ashamed for letting the house be desecrated in this way.

Indians have a habit of standing soulfully in the corner of a room staring fixedly at some inoffensive object, as if they are listening to it telling them of the things it has seen and heard. Russians, on the other hand, turn the whole place into a copy of Hampstead Heath on a Bank Holiday. They arrive in coach loads, complete with wives and children. Totally uninhibited, they camp all over the lawns, their children playing leap-frog with ours while their parents go over the house in small inquiring

groups. Meanwhile, any British visitors present stand aside staring and nudging one another, rather as if they were watching animals at the zoo. Recently we had another large party of Russians. They have an odd trick of taking us over for the duration of their visit. We had noticed this on earlier Russian visits, but this time we discovered how they do it. They park their coach smartly across the front gate, so that no one else can drive in while they are with us.

Twelve months ago, neither my wife nor I knew much about Shaw. Like most of our generation, we had seen two or three films of his plays

and some stage productions as well, but his full impact had passed before we became interested in him. Now, all that is changed. You cannot talk about someone every day for a year, often to people who knew him well, without getting to know him fairly well yourself. We have not the fanatical devotion of some of our visitors, but I admit to a strong, if sometimes critical, admiration. I disagree vigorously with his political views, for example, which I regard as pessimistic and misguided. Apart from these views, however, I can find nothing in him that is not fascinating.

Many people who come and talk to us about Shaw think that he was mean. This was not so, though he had a short answer for anyone who tried to make a fool of him. On anniversaries of his birth and death I get letters from people asking me to place flowers before the portrait Augustus John did of him. These people have been helped by Shaw in various ways, but little was said of it while Shaw was alive. Shaw fostered the legend that he was a mean old skinflint, for he knew that the sinner gets more publicity than the saint, and he needed publicity because he was a professional writer.

The effect Shaw has had on various people is constantly brought home to us. There are more people than I would have thought possible who come to the house every year on a kind of annual pilgrimage. We have met several of them twice already; they came in 1956 after we moved in, and have been over again this year. There is one woman who comes over from America every year.

The summer is over now, and we can begin to relax. That is, we shall still be open to the public on Sunday afternoons, unless a special visit has been arranged. But this to us will seem a normal existence, and at least should give us time to get our breath back for next year.—*Home Service*



Bernard Shaw's study which is still as he left it

Ecstasy for Ecstasy's Sake

MARTIN COOPER on Scriabin and the Russian 'Renaissance'

THE bubble reputations of an age often reveal its character more clearly than those which are formed more slowly, and prove in the event more durable. The mid-nineteenth century, for example, classed Meyerbeer with Beethoven and Michelangelo, and this, though it tells us little enough about Meyerbeer, tells us much about the mid-nineteenth century. Even great artists are often admired in their lifetimes for qualities which seem to later generations either non-existent or secondary. Their greatness, though felt instinctively by their contemporaries, is accounted for in terms of the fashionable philosophy of the day, which often proves inadequate.

Bubble reputations, on the other hand, attach to one of two classes of artist—those whose art merely satisfies the superficial fashionable taste of their age (Meyerbeer is the classical example) or those who appeal to a deeper, more enduring need but at a superficial level; and of those, Scriabin is almost a unique representative in musical history. Fifty years ago Scriabin's music was admired as that of a harmonic innovator and a new spiritual force. Today his harmonic 'innovations' appear as no more than the exploiting *ad nauseam* of a single chord, while his mystical beliefs are regarded as psychological fantasies of purely clinical interest. How are we to account for this complete reversal of opinion?

The generation in which Scriabin grew up was 'looking for a sign'—for some new extension of the language of music and some new revelation to take the place of Wagner's now familiar theodicy. Some found the new messiah in Debussy, some in Richard Strauss, a few in Mahler; but in Russia intellectual and artistic circumstances were so different from those in western Europe that none of these qualified for the messianic role. Pressure had been steadily accumulating throughout the second half of the nineteenth century behind the movement of political and social reform and intellectual emancipation, and by the 'nineties it had reached a strength and a density at which the smallest spark would, it seemed, cause an explosion. With all social and political activity denied them, thinkers and artists turned with hysterical intensity to irrational, mystical, and unnaturally 'other-worldly' fields of interest.

Here the genuine was inextricably confused with a charlatanism which was often unconscious. Even as early as the late 'seventies, Dostoevsky, working on *The Brothers Karamazov*, had been deeply impressed by the writings of a certain Fyodorov who believed it to be the task of philosophy 'to raise the dead collectively, end child-bearing and usher in the transfiguration of life here on earth'. Solovyov, a really distinguished religious thinker and poet on whom Dostoevsky modelled the character of Alyosha Karamazov, had apocalyptic dreams of the end of the world and was vouchsafed a vision of the Divine Wisdom in the reading-room of the British Museum. In fact this apocalyptic quality—this feeling that 'the end' was at hand—was the underlying characteristic of all Russian thought from the late 'nineties onward. Solovyov, who died in 1900, gave expression to this feeling in a much quoted line—'the end is already near; the unexpected will soon be accomplished'. And other writers spoke

of 'the feeling of sickness, alarm, catastrophe and disruption which lay heavy on the last generations of Russian thinkers before the revolution—the constant and wanton feeling of catastrophe evoked by an accumulation of indisputable facts'—'the search for an integral way of life, for a single answer to all life's problems, some form of collective which would weld together the sundered fragments of Russian life'.

In this atmosphere the Messina earthquake of 1908 was seriously regarded by many as an apocalyptic portent. 'We know what the fragrant names of Calabria and Sicily mean', wrote the poet Alexander Blok, 'but let us be silent and grow pale, knowing that if the ancient Scylla and Charybdis vanished from the earth, yet ahead of us and in the heart of the earth a more terrible Scylla and Charybdis await us. What can we do . . . ? We can only put on mourning, celebrate our sorrow in the fact of the catastrophe. The battleship lowers its flag to half-mast—as though it were a sign that the flag has been lowered in our own hearts. In the face of the raging elements the haughty flag of culture is lowered'.

In this tense and nervous atmosphere, every kind of new religion and superstition proliferated: pantheism, theosophy, anthroposophy and the new semi-oriental gnostic philosophies of Gurdjieff and Uspensky, the erotic mysticism of Rozanov, Gorky's 'demonism' and Merezhkovsky's belief in 'the secret three designed to be the nucleus of the new church of the Holy Spirit in which the mystery of the flesh awaited final manifestation'—a curious prototype of D. H. Lawrence's *mystique* of sensuality. There was much talk of 'the new religious con-

sciousness' and the journal issued under Merezhkovsky's guidance was characteristically called first *The New Way* and later *Questions of Life*.

Perhaps the most characteristic of all was the equation of Christ and Dionysos, actually proclaimed in a book published in 1903 by the poet Vyacheslav Ivanov. The shadow of Nietzsche lay heavily over all these thinkers and poets who were united in their search of 'ecstasy for ecstasy's sake'. This was to be sought, according to Vyacheslav Ivanov, in 'symphonic culture' and non-acceptance of the world. In fact, the universal divorce between speculation and reality implied in this 'non-acceptance of the world' reflected the tragic separation of culture from all practical, social, or political activity, and was eventually to infect the political world also, so that even the political history of the years between the Russo-Japanese War and the 1917 revolution often shows the same unreality and dream-like hysterical quality as the symbolist plays and gnostic manifestos of the previous decade.

It was in these years and against this background that Scriabin grew up and made his reputation, for it was a Russian reputation in the first place. Music, as often before, lagged behind the other arts and was still suffering from Wagnerian fever when the Symbolists and the religious-literary sects had moved to a correspondingly later phase. At the end of a long life Rimsky-Korsakov, it is true, paid tribute to the prevailing 'spiritualism' of the day in his opera 'The Invisible City of Kitezh and the maiden Fevronia', a blend of naturistic pantheism with Orthodox sym-



Alexander Scriabin (1872-1915)

bolism. But Rachmaninov continued the Tchaikovskian tradition of romantic introspection, penetrated with the sense of impending doom and the nostalgia for a non-existent past which was part of the very atmosphere that he breathed in Russia.

It was in the late 'nineties that Rimsky-Korsakov wrote of 'that star of the first magnitude newly arisen in Moscow—the somewhat warped, posing and self-opinionated Alexander Nikolaevich Scriabin'. Born in 1872, Scriabin was indeed exceptionally and precociously gifted but in many ways the characteristic product of a too exclusively feminine upbringing by the aunt and grandmother who took the place of the mother who died in his early childhood. He was a dandy in the aristocratic Cadet Corps before he entered the Moscow Conservatory to study composition with Taneiev and the piano with Safonov, winning a gold medal as a pianist in 1892. His earliest published compositions, dating from the late 'eighties, show a kinship with Chopin so marked and so all-pervading as to present a case of something like spiritual identification. They are miniatures of a 'salon' type, extremely elegant in form and *facture* but already distinguished by a heavy, disturbing and individual scent very different from the characteristically innocent and flowery scent of Chopin's smaller pieces.

Growing Kinship with Liszt

The markedly 'indoor' character of the early music of Scriabin, with its literary and urban atmosphere, is never stronger than in the pieces of strongly erotic character, whose inspiration is plainly the boudoir rather than the salon. The erotic element which remained one of the poles of Scriabin's art already foreshadowed a kinship with Liszt that was to grow stronger as the composer grew increasingly discontented with the concept of music as a self-sufficient art and reached out vaguely towards a philosophical or religious meaning—or, in his own words, to 'the *being* of which every work of art is only a *becoming*'. The 'Poème Satanique' of 1903 not only echoes Liszt's 'Malediction' and Mephisto pieces but shows Scriabin committing himself to the 'magical' view of art which, as we have seen, prevailed in Russian intellectual circles of the day. He numbered among his friends Prince Sergei Trubetskoi, one of two philosopher brothers and the friend and protector of Solovyov: Merezhkovsky and his wife Zinaida Gippius; and Vyacheslav Ivanov at whose flat in St. Petersburg—significantly called 'The Tower'—the young Berdyaev attended an apparently very mild attempt to revive the 'Dionysian mysteries'.

Already, in 1900, Scriabin's first symphony had shown a new taste for the grandiose and the religious. It is in six movements, the last of which is choral and consists of a Hymn to Art as 'wonderful image of the Godhead'. With the fourth of the piano sonatas, written in 1903, he has begun to throw off the drawing-room elegance. Here we have already the fragmentation of melody, the caresses, sudden winged phrases and ecstatic trills that herald this mature manner.

Despite the manifest echoes of Wagner in that music Scriabin had already rejected the idea of an opera on the grounds that it could only be the 'representation of a dramatic action, not the act itself' and this idea of a musical performance as a magical rite, a liturgical incantation, the calling to life of hidden cosmic forces, completely dominated him from now onwards. It is explicit in the inscription over the orgiastic fifth piano sonata: 'I call you forth to life, hidden influences, sunk in the obscure depths of the Creative Spirit, timid germs of life, I bring you boldness!'

Mystic without Theology

Hitherto Scriabin, for all his desultory reading in philosophy, had been a mystic without a theology. The movements of the third symphony, written in 1903-4, bore significant but still vague titles—'Struggles', 'Delights' and 'The Divine Game'—this last an echo perhaps of Hegel's 'endless play of Love with itself'. By this time he had taken a positive and final dislike to the music of all other composers and was thus, both as artist and thinker, enclosed in a completely solipsistic world. The exact date of his first interest in theosophy seems to be uncertain, but he first became acquainted with the writings of Blavatsky and Annie Besant during a visit to Paris in 1907, and it was then

that he developed something approximating to a philosophy of art. From now onwards he saw himself as the messiah, destined, as he believed, to bring about the Final Act by which Spirit was to redeem Matter, and a great liturgical rite, in which all the arts were to play a part, was to usher in a new era. We can find in his own writings as clear a statement as such beliefs permit—'an ocean of cosmic love encloses the world', he writes, 'and in the intoxicated waves of this ocean of bliss is felt the approach of the Final Act—the act of union between the Male-Creator and the Woman-World'.

This sexual imagery always persisted and even so late a work as the seventh piano sonata, written in 1911-12 and particularly valued by the composer, contains—according to Leonid Sabaneiev, the composer's close friend and disciple—a naive and rather crude erotic 'programme'. Unlike the vast majority of mystical thinkers, Scriabin always allots himself the male role in the mystic marriages and acts of union, of which he writes. 'Oh! I would I could possess the world as I possess a woman', he exclaimed, and his mystical cosmology is constructed round his own creative personality. In the first process of creation Spirit and Matter were one. They separate only in order to create the world and then unite once again.

Scriabin spoke of this first phrase of creation as 'creative agony' or 'lust for life', and it is followed by a second phase, the process of dematerialisation. 'The world glitters with the imprint of the Creator Spirit's beauty', he wrote, 'but at the same time it moves further and further away from the Creator, diffusing itself in innumerable protean phenomena'. The desire of the world to be freed from the bonds of matter—and we are immediately reminded of St. Paul's 'the whole creation groaneth and travaileth'—could only, he believed, be fulfilled by means of art, or a synthesis of the arts, in the hands of a messiah. Like many of his contemporaries in Russia, he attached particular importance to India, the home of 'ancient esoteric knowledge', and even planned to buy a site there for the temple in which the Final Mystery was to be accomplished. All his later works he regarded as sketches for this 'Preliminary Act', fragments of whose literary text were among the papers found at his death in 1915.

Self-image of Prometheus

The nearest he approached to his ideal was probably the 'poem of fire' or 'Prometheus' for orchestra, piano and *clavier à lumières*. This 'light-machine' was a first attempt to achieve a synthesis of the arts and a 'counterpoint of the senses' which Scriabin believed essential to his composite form. He dreamed of 'a musical phrase ending in a scent, a chord that resolved into a colour, a melodic line whose climax becomes a caress'. And he undoubtedly saw himself as Prometheus (an extension of his Satanistic fancies), the Free Redeemer rescuing the world of matter by the power of spirituality and 'ecstasy'. The music itself makes a hypnotic effect by its repeated insistence on small cell-like phrase, harmonies built on superimposed fourths and the profusion of trills. The French marks of expression are a further guide—dark, threatening, strange, charmed, limpid, defiant, stormy, bellicose, like a winged caress, with an intense desire, like a shout, glittering, ecstatic, are a few of them.

Listening to this unfolding of an *idée fixe*, it is easy to understand that its appeal was largely to those who already felt the attraction of Scriabin's personality and were moved by the strength of his personal conviction, and most of all to those Russian audiences to whom the spiritual background of the music, so completely alien today, was already familiar. The nearest parallel at all familiar today is to be found in the gnostic writings of Gurdjieff. Like Scriabin planning his Final Act, Gurdjieff spent years on the plans for a vast mystical ballet, believed in the possibility of a world-language and in the magical, theurgic power of art. Scriabin compared his last two piano sonatas to magic rites, the ninth a black mass and the tenth 'white' or beneficent magic, and in both the fragmentation of musical material reaches nearly the same point as Schönberg was reaching at the same time in his *opus II* piano pieces. We can see the final point reached by Scriabin in the ninth sonata, written in 1912-13.

What are we to make of Scriabin? It is easy to dismiss him

as a spoiled talent, the composer of the youthful piano pieces in which the spirit of Chopin is wonderfully revived and continued, but later spoiled by crazy mystical notions and an obsession which brought him to the verge of lunacy. In fact Scriabin's later piano sonatas, however esoteric their musical content, remain interesting from the purely pianistic point of view; and 'Prometheus' and the 'Poem of Ecstasy' will retain their place in the history of the orchestra—a place with, say, Schönberg's 'Pelleas und Melisande' and Strauss' 'Domestic Symphony'. But today Scriabin's career is chiefly interesting as a warning, a kind of cautionary tale of the man who lost his ability to distinguish between dream and reality because he lost contact with humanity.

This, as we have seen, was the great weakness of the Russian artistic and intellectual 'renaissance' at the opening of the present century and its explanation lies in the political, social, and religious life of Russia. The revolution shattered the dream and blew up the ivory towers; but it has hitherto imposed on its artists a view of 'reality' almost as one-sided as that of the aesthetes and mystics. For the artist cannot restrict his human interests and sympathies to any social class or imagined category. Even the exclusive concern of the French classical dramatists with royal or princely personages is less restricting in fact than the Russian artist's obligatory concern with proletarian characters. It is an

unimportant convention that Racine's Phèdre is a queen, for she is first and foremost a human being, whereas the creations of Soviet artists too often conceal beneath their party or proletarian status not so much a human personality as an ideological blueprint.

The Russian reaction to the peculiarly Russian state of affairs of which Scriabin was the victim is plain enough and its violence has created a new situation essentially similar to the old. But it often seems as though the West had not learned from Scriabin's example and were content to condemn him without analysing the nature of his malady. His was, in fact, the first case of a sickness which has since his death become endemic in western Europe—the divorce of the artist from human reality. It is of no great importance that Scriabin concerned himself with imaginary spiritual entities, while the western artist of today concerns himself with machines and techniques. The weakness of both lies in the failure of human communication. What unites Scriabin and Boulez is the absence of the audience from the creator's consciousness—the one engaged on the private inducing of an ecstasy not unlike that of a drug-taker, the other on the equally private solution of a problem in sound-engineering. From the listener's point of view there is little to choose between these two examples of the anti-humanistic spirit.—*Third Programme*

The Crucifixion of God

The last of three talks by R. C. ZAEHNER

THE Buddha, the Sāmkhya-yoga, and indeed all Indian religion, teach us that it is possible to realise the immortality of our own souls without recourse to the grace of any god. For 3,000 years the Hindus and Buddhists have practised just this, and the realisation of the deep, eternal unity of the human soul seems to them supreme bliss:

If a person knew his real Self
With the thought 'I am He',
With what desire, for love of what
Would he cling to the body?

an early Hindu text asks, and one is at a loss to find an adequate answer.

Against this background the neo-Calvinist theology of the absolute corruption of human nature consequent upon the Fall and of man's total inability to do anything for himself appears not only silly but empirically false. Man is perfectly capable of realising his own immortality without recourse to the grace of God. But is it also true that once he has achieved this, there is nothing further for him to do? Is the 'other' world, the world of spirit or ideal world, necessarily so much poorer in content than this multifarious world of ours? And is this world itself so utterly without value that salvation can consist only in slipping clean out of it?

The Higher Selfishness

Both the Hindus and the Buddhists saw in the course of time that something was indeed lacking. There is, after all, such a thing as the higher selfishness, and there is something remarkably inconsistent in the Buddha's own teaching; for Buddhism rests on two pillars. Teleologically it claims that the soul's highest goal is *nirvāna*, the extinction of the empirical ego and the realisation of the eternal soul or self. Practically it demands a complete giving of self in the service of others, even unto death. In a celebrated Buddhist legend a former Buddha is said to have given his body to save a tiger from starvation. Yet the motive of self-sacrifice in primitive Buddhism is ultimately selfish: the body and all that depends on it are sacrificed to help others certainly, but more fundamentally they are sacrificed to destroy once and for all the whole idea of self, of 'This is mine' and 'This am I', in order to realise that eternal condition in which in actual fact no one else except yourself can share. The Buddha

is really obscuring the issue when he refuses to define *nirvāna* except as 'the unborn, not become', etc. But whatever it is, it is your bliss, your salvation, and not your neighbour's.

The Mahāyāna Buddhists realised this full well and in place of the more ancient idea of the *arhant*, the released soul who simply fades away into his *nirvāna*, they put the Bodhisattvas, those saintly beings who postponed their own *nirvāna* in order to enable others to reach that blessed state. The Bodhisattva, unlike the realised Buddha, is completely suffused with a boundless compassion for all souls still bound to the wheel of phenomenal existence. 'He radiates great friendliness and compassion over all beings, and resolves: "I shall become their saviour, I shall release them from all their sufferings".'

Escape from Time and Place

This is the tremendous vow he takes upon himself—not to enjoy the eternal bliss that is within his grasp but to accept a bitter crucifixion on the cross of this world until *all* souls enter with him into the paradise of *nirvāna*. The whole idea recalls the Manichaean conception of the *Jesus patibilis* crucified not once on Calvary but for ever on the great cross of this world. Mahāyāna Buddhism would seem to lack one thing only, and this it inherits from the Buddha: it refuses to say in what *nirvāna* consists. The goal is still only escape from time and space, and so void of content is this condition believed to be that it can only be called 'emptiness'. Here there is communion with neither the Bodhisattva nor with other souls. It is a blessed state but still lacks all the Bodhisattva himself represents.

That prince of mystics, Ruysbroeck, realised acutely that this emptiness was not the goal for which man was created. This is what he says on this vital matter:

All those men are deceived whose intention it is to sink themselves in natural rest and who do not seek God with desire nor find Him in delectable love. For the rest which they possess consists in an emptying of themselves to which they are inclined by nature and by habit. And in this natural rest men cannot find God. But it brings man indeed into an emptiness which heathens and Jews are able to find, and all men, however evil they may be, if they live in their sins with untroubled conscience, and are able to empty themselves of all images and all action. In this emptiness rest is sufficient and great and it is in itself no sin, for it is in all men by nature, if they know how to make themselves empty.

Ruysbroeck and the Buddhists then agree in this, that in emptiness 'rest is sufficient and great', but you cannot find God there; you cannot even find the Bodhisattva, for once he has helped you to salvation, he disappears from view. Thus even the Mahāyāna, with its splendid conception of the Bodhisattva who accepts suffering in order that others may escape into *nirvāna*, does not and cannot see anything beyond this 'rest in emptiness' and peace.

The Supreme Fulfilment

In Hinduism, however, a further step was taken, for Hinduism never wholly lost the idea of God. In the classical Yoga God is merely an object of meditation, the one soul who is eternally free from any admixture of matter, the one soul that is eternally free. As such he is the exemplar of all other souls, and human souls must therefore seek to imitate him and become immortal as he is immortal. To be *like* him is their goal, not to be *with* him. The Bhagavad-Gītā, however, takes us far beyond this. There are now two distinct stages. First, the contemplation of God simply as our eternal exemplar leads us to the realisation of our own eternity. This had always been the purpose of Yoga; but the mere contemplation of God, according to the Gītā, will bring God into action even if the contemplative concerned does not actually believe in his existence. Krishna says:

He who mutters the monosyllable Om which is Brahman, yet keeps Me in mind the while, who, leaving his body, passes away, he goes on the highest course. If a Yogin who has reached a state of constant integration, constantly bears Me in mind with no thought of aught else, then can he easily attain to Me. Having come near to Me, these great souls will have reached supreme fulfilment, and, never born again, will never return to this impermanent abode of sorrow.

Integration of the personality around the immortal soul is only the first step. Thereafter God, hitherto little more than an object of contemplation, Himself intervenes and draws the soul towards Himself. For God is, among other things, a power of attraction which cannot be resisted by those He chooses. He is, in the words of the Gītā, 'that love in created things which is not contrary to righteousness'. The soul, once it has achieved its splendid isolation in 'emptiness' and 'rest', is, if God so wills, caught up by a living flame of love and swept into the divine. Krishna says:

Listen again to My final word, the most mysterious of all. With strong desire have I desired thee; therefore shall I tell thee thy salvation. Think on Me, worship Me, sacrifice to Me, pay Me homage: so shalt thou come to Me. I promise thee truly, for I love thee well. Give up all things of the law, turn to Me only as thy refuge. I shall deliver thee from all evil; have no care.

Thus, for the Gītā, there is first release from mundane existence, and then, and only then, does the soul's eternal love-affair with God begin, this God who is the Lord of all things, yet who is also love and who, 'most mysterious of all', yearns for the human soul.

Yet even this is not enough. The Gītā opens the door to God and shows us one aspect of Him, but there are other aspects which India never saw but which her sister civilisation, Iran, did see through the eyes of the greatest of her sons, Zarathustra, or Zoroaster as we more normally call him.

Choosing Righteousness

India knows no prophets: Zoroaster was a prophet, and as a prophet he spoke to God face to face, and in speaking to him learnt that He is holy, good, and righteous, and that He demanded of man that he choose the good and eschew evil. For Krishna God is love; for Zoroaster He is transcendent righteousness, like himself 'a true enemy to the wicked with all His might, but a powerful support to the righteous'. God makes demands on man in this life; he demands that man choose righteousness, for he has granted him a free will which even divine omnipotence is loath to influence. It is none of man's business to enter into *nirvāna* here and now; he is in this world for a purpose, and that purpose is to do what is good and to combat evil. His is no concern with that 'emptiness' which all men are able to find, if they live in their sins with untroubled conscience; for man

is not only an eternal soul, he is also endowed with conscience and will which it is his bounden duty to use.

This world is not a prison, nor is time a cyclic affair, an endless repetition of a senseless game, a 'machine', as the Gītā puts it, from which the soul must escape. It is, if you like, a stage on which the prelude to our eternal destiny is played out; for this life determines our future lot of weal or woe.

The Prophet proclaims:

I shall speak out the word which the Most Holy One declared to me, the best of all words for men to hear: 'Whoso shall hearken unto [My Prophet] for My sake, shall attain to wholeness and immortality by [performing] the works of the Good Mind'. [Thus spake] the Wise Lord . . . 'from whom all men who live [today], who have been or are yet to come, shall receive their lot of weal [or woe], for He apportions both. Powerful in immortality shall be the soul of the follower of Truth, but lasting torment shall there be for the man who cleaves to the Lie. So does the Wise Lord dispose through his sovereign power'.

'Wholeness and immortality', this is what Zoroaster promises to the righteous man, in body and in soul. For the Prophet of ancient Iran did not believe that body and soul are naturally separate, and in this he is at one with the Jews; and he therefore looked forward to a bodily resurrection in which there would be a new heaven and a new earth. Then the world will be made 'most excellent, unaging, undecaying, neither passing away nor falling into corruption; for ever shall it live and for ever prosper, [each man] ranging at will. The dead shall rise again and the living shall be visited by immortality, and [all] existence shall be made most excellent in accordance with its will. . . . The material world shall no more pass away, . . . and the Lie shall perish'.

Salvation is not complete until the whole man is restored to an immortal state which Zoroastrians believe to have been his original condition.

Immortality of the Soul

Who then is right? The Indians or the Zoroastrians and Jews? Is man a single whole or a dual creature, immortal as to his soul and mortal as to his body? This question admits of only one answer: the Indians are demonstrably and obviously right. By their age-old practice of Yoga they have proved experimentally and to their own satisfaction that the soul is immortal whereas the body all too obviously falls into decay. The resurrection of the body was the great hope of the Prophet Zoroaster, a truer forerunner of our Lord than were ever the Hebrew prophets: and the resurrection of the body was what Jesus Christ demonstrated in the flesh—that bodily resurrection 'without which our faith is vain'.

God did not need to become man to teach man that his soul is immortal. The Buddha had long ago demonstrated this, and the idea was in any case a commonplace in India, but God did need to become man to demonstrate two other truths which are not and cannot be accessible to the unaided efforts of man. He needed to become man to show that man's eternal destiny is neither to sink back into 'emptiness' and 'rest' within his own immortal soul, but rather not only to 'deny himself', which Indian religion had already declared to be the *sine qua non* of spiritual release, but also to 'take up his cross and follow Me'. Christ had to die so that he might demonstrate the resurrection of the 'body of this death' from death. And his death was the fulfilment of the Prophet Zoroaster's intuition that there can be no 'wholeness and immortality' unless the body is called upon to share it.

Similarly Christ fulfils the aspirations of the Gītā, for his Crucifixion signifies not only the death of the body and the ego which dwells in the body 'warring against the law of the mind, and bringing man into captivity to the law of sin', but also the death of that second self, the *ātman* or *purusha*, that immortal 'self' or 'person' so dear to the Indians yet so prone to sink into that emptiness which all men can find 'however evil they may be, if they live in their sins with untroubled conscience'. For Christ is the Bodhisattva come true, 'the Lamb of God' who takes on his own lonely shoulders the sins of the world in order that he may take them away. But whereas the Bodhisattva can do no more than lead imprisoned souls into the freedom of

nirvāna, Christ demonstrates by his Resurrection that not only is this immortal soul immortal indeed, but that it is more than immortal; for after the Resurrection the Man-God ascends to the Father, united to Him for ever in a joy no longer solitary, but splendidly enriched by fellowship, communion, and union.

Christians believe that man is born under the curse of original sin, and the wages of sin is death. Man's body dies because of Adam's sin, that is, because of what Richard Jefferies, who was no Christian, called an 'inherited weakness or flaw' but for which, he thought, our bodies would be immortal: but—and the Jews might really have understood this a little earlier—the soul cannot die because it is the 'breath of life' which God breathed into man at his creation, and God's spirit does not die.

So it is that the Indians are perfectly and obviously right in

diagnosing the human condition as being an unnatural union between an eternal soul and a perishable body. The union is unnatural, and it is sin that has reduced us to this miserable condition of angelic apothecary in which ape and angel fight out their futile battle. God became man that He might here and now reunite our individual souls with Himself and that, by taking on a body, He might restore us to our manhood in body and in soul, which sin had lost for us. His Resurrection is the earnest of our own, Christ the first-fruits; afterward they that are Christ's at his coming. In this Christ fulfils the hope of both Iranian and Hindu. 'Death shall be swallowed up in victory', and men, no longer alone, will be called upon to enter into the Communion of Saints, that all may 'be one: as Thou, Father art in me, and I in Thee, that they also may be one in Us'.

—Third Programme

The Last Days of Tsarism

(continued from page 555)

a sister-Slav nation. Moreover, they hated the Austrians infinitely more than the Germans. It was the Russians who, first of the allies, mobilised on July 30.

The mobilisation went off unexpectedly well. A wave of patriotism swept the country, and in the Duma virtually all the deputies, except the small Bolshevik group, supported the war. It was almost what the French called the *Union Sacrée*. For a few days, while Britain seemed to hold back, we British had an unpleasant time in both St. Petersburg and Moscow. But with the British declaration of war on August 4 all was well, and instead of our windows being broken we had our cheeks kissed by greasy patriots.

The Old-fashioned 'Steam-roller'

For a few months, while France and Britain were in danger of being defeated, the Russian armies did well and were rashly labelled by the British press as 'the Russian steam-roller'. Alas! the successes were short-lived, and as the months passed it became abundantly clear that a backward country like the Tsarist Empire was in no state to fight a war on anything like equal terms with a modernised and highly technical nation like Germany. Russia lacked not only munitions but also the transport in which to carry them. The railways were few and far between; the roads inadequate and in many places unmetalled. The soldiers were brave. The artillery was good. Ill equipped as they were, the Russians could always beat the Austrians, whose armies contained numerous Slav elements eager to desert at the first opportunity. But when they had to face the armed strength of Germany, defeat became inevitable, and with defeat came pessimism and political divisions.

From the beginning the autocratic Tsar and his advisers made mistake after mistake. Since Peter the Great it had become almost a rule of the Russian Tsars never to yield to the opposition except under the pressure of a military defeat. The Emperor Nicholas II was an honest reactionary, eager for the victory of his armies, but as a dictator he was hopelessly ineffective and very much under the influence of the Empress. Instead of enlisting the vast bulk of the people in one great patriotic front, he continued to rely on absolutism and on the advice of a government of the extreme right.

In June, 1915, I had a personal stroke of luck when as the result of a chance sequence of events I found myself Acting Consul-General, a position I held till the October Revolution. I was fortunate, for I was only twenty-seven at the time.

With the fall of Warsaw and the loss of Poland in 1915 the Tsar relieved the popular Grand-Duke Nicholas of the supreme command and assumed his place, thereby accepting personal responsibility for every military as well as political failure. Less than a month later he suspended the Duma and appointed as Prime Minister a gentleman called Stürmer, whose name betrayed his origin even to the illiterate masses of the people. At the same time he dismissed Sazonov, the Foreign Minister and the one member of the government in whom France and Britain had full confidence.

As a result of these blunders St. Petersburg became in a sense the city of reaction and pro-Germanism, and Moscow the city of liberalism and patriotism. When the Russian armies ran short of munitions it was the two great voluntary organisations centred in Moscow which organised munition factories and—at last, but too late—succeeded in providing adequate supplies of shells to the armies. These two organisations were the Union of Zemstvos and the Union of Cities, one representing the countryside and the other the cities. Both worked in unison and were called Zemgor, which is a diminutive combination of their Russian names. Both were headed by Moscow men, the Zemstvo Union by Prince Lvov and the Cities Union by Michael Chelnokov, the Mayor of Moscow. I knew both intimately and got much of my information from them.

In addition to the Tsar's errors, Russia was enormously handicapped by two other disadvantages. The first was a mistake of the administration. It kept on mobilising far more men than were needed. As there were no weapons for their training, they were concentrated near or in the big cities. With little to do, they became elements of discontent. The second disadvantage was the impossibility, on account of Turkey's entry into the war as Germany's ally, of Russia's Western Allies being able to supply her with war material except in the summer months.

Influence of Rasputin

Finally, there was Rasputin, the illiterate and unwashed Siberian lay-brother whose baleful influence on the Empress was to be so disastrous to the Romanov dynasty. Rasputin was a libertine with sufficient cunning to play on the neurotic mind of the Empress who was beset by the obsession that she must hand down unimpaired to her son the absolute powers of the autocracy.

Rumour, which travels much faster and is much more readily believed in an illiterate country, turned the people against the Empress, who was held responsible for all the disasters to the country. As for the educated people, virtually all of them wanted two things: the removal of Rasputin and the establishment by the Tsar of a government enjoying the confidence of the people. Towards the end of 1916 petitions embodying these two desires were being signed by the active leaders of the nobility and were being forwarded to the Emperor, for the nobility at that time had a statutory means as a body of making their views heard. Moscow then was still patriotic. But in St. Petersburg the damp, frozen atmosphere was—by November—already heavy with foreboding of tragedy.—*European Service*

In *The Cost of Living* (Hollis and Carter, 2s. 6d.) Mr. Colin Clark, Director of the Agricultural Economics Research Institute at Oxford, has written a typical hard-hitting pamphlet lashing governments and economists with the whip of his statistics. He argues that 'the experiment of high taxation combined with protectionism has been a complete, utter, howling, disastrous failure' and should be dismantled with all possible speed. Mr. Clark's provocative and stimulating case deserves reading by all interested in Britain's economic future.

NEWS DIARY

October 2-8

Wednesday, October 2

Treasury discloses that during September dollar reserves fell by \$292,000,000

Labour Party Conference approves Executive's new policy on public ownership by a large majority

Italy recognises provisional government, consisting of a coalition of anti-Communist parties, in the Republic of San Marino

Thursday, October 3

Labour Party Conference rejects by a majority of seven to one a resolution that the next Labour government should refuse to test, make, or use nuclear weapons

President Eisenhower defines terms on which he will withdraw Federal troops from Little Rock, Arkansas

Rioting takes place in Warsaw

Friday, October 4

Moscow radio announces that an earth satellite has been launched

Anglo-Canadian trade talks end in Ottawa

Saturday, October 5

Milovan Djilas, the former Yugoslav Communist leader, is sentenced to seven years' imprisonment for spreading propaganda hostile to the state

Reports of the progress of the satellite launched by the Russians are received from all parts of the world

British beat American professional golfers in the Ryder Cup by 7½ to 4½

Chancellor of the Exchequer and President of the Board of Trade return to London from Canada

Sunday, October 6

M. Guy Mollet abandons attempt to form new French Government and M. René Pleven is invited by the President to try to form one

King Hussein of Jordan seeks the help of King Saud to try to improve relations between Jordan and Syria

Disturbances are reported from Warsaw for the fourth night in succession

Monday, October 7

Soviet Union announces explosion of new hydrogen device

Pound regains parity with dollar

B.B.C. begins fourth series of experimental colour television transmissions

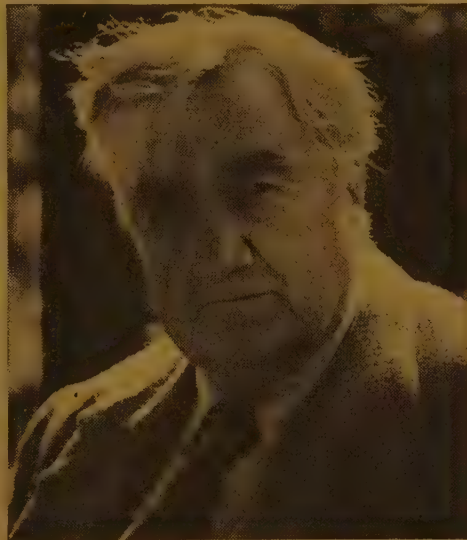
Tuesday, October 8

Mr. Khrushchev makes statements in Moscow about disarmament and Anglo-Russian trade

Labour Party is returned with increased majority in Norwegian General Election



An artist's impression (published in a Russian magazine) of the experimental satellite which Russia launched into outer space on October 4 and which has since been circling over 500 miles above the earth at a speed of 18,000 miles an hour. Right: engineers at the B.B.C.'s listening station at Tatsfield, on the Surrey-Kent border, picking up radio signals from the satellite during its passage over the British Isles. Many people in Australia and New Zealand claim to have seen it with the naked eye



Allan Chappelton

Dr. Ralph Vaughan Williams, O.M., the eminent British composer, who celebrates his eighty-fifth birthday on October 12



The funeral of King Haakon VII of Norway on October 1: the hearse passing under a decorated arch as it left the Royal Palace in Oslo for the Cathedral. H.M. the Queen was represented by the Duke of Gloucester



The lounge of the new terminal for London Airport at Kensington which came into use last weekend. It replaces the old one at Waterloo, and is expected to deal with 1,500,000 passengers in its first year



Students of Warsaw's polytechnic school at a meeting on October 4 protesting against the banning by the Government of the student satirical newspaper *Po Prostu* which was noted for its outspoken criticisms. In the disorders that have followed in the Polish capital there have been many clashes with the police, who, eyewitnesses reported, were using tear-gas bombs, and making some arrests



Hoisting a flag last week over the entrance to a disused factory which has been serving as the headquarters of San Marino's anti-Communist 'provisional government'. The 'provisional government' (recognised by Italy) has been set up in opposition to the Communists, who recently lost their parliamentary majority (see page 552)



Londoners enjoying autumn sunshine in Hyde Park last week. On Sunday temperatures rose to the middle sixties and many people went bathing at seaside resorts

Left: Dai Rees, the British Ryder Cup captain, holding the trophy as he was chaired by his victorious team after the match at Lindrick, Yorkshire, last Saturday. This is the first time that Great Britain has beaten the United States in the Ryder Cup match for twenty-four years

Party Political Broadcast

The Need To Have Faith in Britain

By the Rt. Hon. VISCOUNT HAILSHAM, Q.C.,
Lord President of the Council and Chairman of the Conservative Party

I HAVE been thinking very deeply, since my recent appointment, about the message the country needs at the present time. You may think that's rather presumptuous of me, and when I remember the greatness of this country and all the multitudes of generous, skilled, and intelligent people in it, in a sense I'd agree with you. But you'd also agree that it has been my duty to think in this way. That's why I asked for your letters and suggestions, and I got them—more perhaps than I had bargained for.

But you may take it that I now know what you've got to say. You've told me all about Suez and Cyprus, and the middle class and the Rent Act, and the high cost of living, and the trade unions and the old-age pensioners. And I don't forget the equally important group of people, struggling to survive on tiny, fixed incomes—incomes which would make the modern factory worker sick with compassion if he really knew what they meant, I think I know it all, and I think I accept it all—at least as a genuine expression of your feelings in the matter.

And now, I want to say something to you. I want to say it as a Conservative, because, of course, this is a party political broadcast. But I want to say it much more as one who, like you, is distressed and grieved about our country, and wants to do the right thing for her; and I want to say it as one who does know your troubles, and who does really care about them.

As I sat and read your letters, it came to me with a blinding clarity that there was something missing. This missing link is more important than anything you put in: it came to me quite plainly, that if I were to succeed I must try to help restore the morale of a nation—no less than restate the faith of a party. You may think that this, too, is a piece of effrontery—it's not meant as such. No one can be guilty of presumption who is as desperately anxious as I that our nation should keep her feet upon the right road. And my conviction is this: what we need is not so much policies, although these are important, as faith, a new sense of direction, a new faith in ourselves, in Britain, and in what Britain means; a new pride in our traditions, a new sense of loyalty and solidarity among our fellow citizens; a new confidence in our future; a new willingness to proclaim aloud the ultimate, spiritual realities for which we stand; the kind of idealism which knows where it wants to go, and what it wants to do; the kind of vision which doesn't confuse setbacks with disaster, or adversity with failure. What this nation needs—I say it with diffidence, but without doubt—is a little more self-discipline, a little less arrogance and complacency, from the great majority who've never had it so good; and, I say it with even greater reluctance but not less under a sense of duty, a little less self-deception, and even self-pity, amongst some of those who, for reasons which are certainly not their own fault, feel that they've never had it so bad.

Have you ever asked yourselves what it is

that we in the Conservative Party wish to conserve? Political institutions? Why, yes, we're devoted to our political institutions. An economic system? Why, yes, we believe in our economic system. But if political institutions and an economic system were all we were out to defend, the torrent of change would sweep them away, and Conservatism would be dead in a decade.

But we are not primarily concerned with these—or even with individual decisions of policy. Nearly 1,500 years ago Columba and Augustine brought to this country, to our pagan forefathers, a new conception of the meaning of living. And words like honour, integrity, good faith, courage, decency, dignity, patriotism, and, above all, love and compassion, became part of the common coinage of our speech. They left these as a deposit of faith, to be guarded and cherished, and handed on intact to our children and our children's children. More, they left them as a living experience to be felt and disseminated, not kept to ourselves but to form part of the common heritage of mankind.

This experience came to be developed in its political form as our own special system of liberty under the law. Such liberty isn't a free-for-all, for it is subject to all the moral restraints of conscience, and, where conscience does not suffice, to the sanctions of law. But law itself is not the tyranny of pagan systems of jurisprudence. It is the gentle enforcement of a minimum of moral duty—the elements of a social conscience, in which liberty itself may thrive. In this experience liberty and law are not antagonists but partners, bringing to birth generations nurtured in honour, compassion, and love.

The system works: we are no master race, no privileged class of overlords. But, wherever we have been, not least in some of the countries which now deride and attack us, men who've been slaves and savages for centuries have looked up for the first time and grasped for themselves this precious ideal of liberty under the law. Wherever men have been in contact with the British peoples there has emerged a glorious chain of independent nations cherishing the same tradition. We have not lost them when they have gained their independence, when in place of subordination they have become our friends. We shall lose them only when they, or we, are false to the ideals which we have learned. But even then estrangement will not be permanent, for wherever the English language is canvassed on the lips of men, men have learned to look to one or to the other of the branches of the English-speaking race for freedom and deliverance.

You may say that this has nothing at all to do with party politics: it's the priceless possession of thousands throughout the world. Well, I agree. I nevertheless assert that it's no bad thing, however honourable the intentions and aspirations of other parties and different institu-

tions, that there should exist a national movement, dedicated to the conservation in a changing world of this sacred heritage: the one system which simultaneously challenges Communism and materialist greed, and which, allowed to develop, alone can suffice to produce a society so good that even the censorship of the Herods and the Neros behind the Iron Curtain cannot hide the glory of its achievement.

We live in a heroic age. It exacts the most of us: more than we can spare, all that we have to give. Why am I saying this? Because I am the man who invited your comments on the current political situation. And I've got something to say in reply.

Don't believe that temporary setbacks mean either the incompetence of your leaders or disaster to your fortunes. Above all, don't believe that your Government, whatever you may think of it, has tarnished its integrity or lost its ideals. We haven't forgotten the unfortunate, we are not careless of minorities, we've not abandoned our faith in freedom, our struggle for opportunity, our determination that we can double the standard of life in under a generation, our ideal of a property-owning democracy. We haven't lost our determination to resist anarchy and oppression, our confidence in the Commonwealth, or our faith in the future of Britain, or our ideal of freedom under the law.

Whatever you may think of Suez or Cyprus, we haven't abandoned our devotion to the principles of international justice. Nor have we gone back on our policy of enfranchisement. We're not unconscious of the humiliation which would befall us if anything were to happen to our currency. We are determined to defend all these ideals with sincerity, authority and power and without regard to mere electoral advantage. We may have had to slow up a little because we've overtaxed our strength; but that doesn't alter our resolution, our faith, our fixity of purpose, or the nature of our goal.

We have, in fact, achieved much more than you might suppose. In the last six years we've come to lead the world in peaceful nuclear power. Our electronics industry is the second largest, our agriculture the most highly mechanised. Every one of the 245 turbine airliners in commercial operation in the western world is of British manufacture, and in recent years we've provided more experts than any other land for technical assistance.

Do you hear it said by the grumblers and the naggers that things aren't what they used to be? Ask them what things they mean. Ask them whether there's ever been a time when so many of our children looked so healthy and upright, so well fed or well clothed or well schooled; or a time when mothers brought forth in less peril of maternal mortality; when fewer fathers were out of a job. Do you hear it said that Conservative freedom doesn't work? How else, then, does it come about that since 1951 abundance has replaced scarcity and bulging shops the

ration book; that 1,750,000 houses have been built, that 7,000,000 television aërials have risen above the roof-tops, and one family in four now owns a car? Maybe statistics are dull, but the facts behind them are not dull, for each represents a real addition to the standard of living of some family, an opportunity for a fuller and happier life. We've now got to fight the battle against inflation; and, believe me, we are going to fight it, and with your help we are going to win.

Now I come back to party politics. I exist to put forward the Conservative creed, not to criticise my opponents. But it is right to tell you in a sentence or two exactly where I personally differ from them.

In this heroic age, the Liberals I regard as a group of men and women who have disagreed about every significant decision taken since the war, an organisation without a common policy

or common political principles. I do, quite honestly, try to take them seriously, but with the best will in the world, I can't see that as a party they have any contemporary meaning at all.

Of the socialist party, I will say both more and less. Theirs is a genuine idealism, but a false one: one tied to a rotten state of affairs which has already passed away. They have a programme but a vicious one, as I think their party conference has shown; one which would be rejected by every man and woman if they rightly understood its implications and its dangers. Five out of six of you don't want nationalisation if the Gallup Poll's right. Yet they'd nationalise against your wishes. I feel certain that you wouldn't wish vast increases of expenditure or taxation. Yet this is exactly what they would do. I'm certain that you don't want controls. Yet we know that they would bring

them back—and back would come the black market, hampered production, and all the army of spies and drones and contact men, and honest goods would be driven off the market altogether. Yet this is what the Labour Party is committed to. It is their policy.

The last thing that I'd wish to suggest is that our own party, the Conservative Party, has no faults. But a wise man is he who can see the truth behind a fog of confusion. I believe we've got ideals. I believe we have a policy, the right policy. I know we have sincerity. I believe that we can govern this country well and help to guide it to decency, dignity, and hope, and I believe that no other party can. I said to begin with that we need new faith. I believe we've got it. And faith moves mountains. Therefore, I say to you all, Conservatives and you others, too: have faith in Britain; advance with courage. There are still great things for us to do.

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

Foreign Policy in the Nuclear Age

Sir,—In connection with Mr. Michael Howard's talk, 'Foreign Policy in the Nuclear Age' (THE LISTENER, October 3), may I make a somewhat sombre observation? Applying Dr. Kissinger's logic to our own case, we cannot escape the conclusion that the acquisition of nuclear weapons by this country does not give our Foreign Secretary any greater international bargaining power, whereas strong and effective conventional forces might do so in certain circumstances.

But it is impossible to overestimate the dangers to our national security and independence arising out of the sacrifice of conventional to nuclear power. The British addition to the nuclear stockpiles of the West is significant only in conjunction with American nuclear power and in relation to the policy of 'massive retaliation'. But this policy is an American invention, and for obvious reasons cannot be followed without American participation. Now that the Russians, through the development of the inter-continental ballistic missile, can counter-retaliate massively upon American cities, it is reasonable to expect the Americans to change their policy of massive retaliation after they themselves have successfully developed an inter-continental ballistic missile.

When this happens, where will Britain stand with a comparatively diminutive nuclear stockpile and insubstantial conventional forces? Armed conflict in Europe will no longer necessarily lead to an immediate world war involving the use of nuclear weapons. Though the Americans will be prepared to enter a limited war of conventional forces to help western Europe ward off the expanding Soviet Empire, they will hesitate to plunge themselves into a nuclear war with Russia, especially if Russia did not first use nuclear weapons.

It would be a tragic and paradoxical situation to see Russian soldiers marching across western Europe, encountering little effective resistance, and discovering in the arsenal of the defeated foe stockpiles of the nuclear deterrent

which could extinguish life in Moscow or as many cities in the Soviet Union as you please. But it could happen, unless we reconsider our defence policy in the light of cold logic rather than chimerical prestige.—Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.11

FEDERICO CLARK

The Sterling Area

Sir,—Mr. Shonfield (THE LISTENER, September 26) did not make it sufficiently apparent that in lending abroad two main problems are involved: the availability-of-resources problem and the so-called transfer problem. Even if additional saving is forthcoming to finance an export surplus, there still remains the task of generating this surplus.

Given the choice, borrowing countries are likely to spend development loans from this country on capital equipment in other countries. To the extent that they spent such loans in hard currency areas we should be obliged to meet our obligations in hard or convertible currencies, which we could only continue to do if we managed to expand our exports in the hard currency areas of the world. Failing our ability to do this—and the prospects do not, just now, appear particularly bright—Commonwealth countries seeking funds for development would eventually be confronted with the choice of tying their loans to purchases in the U.K. or of drastically curtailing them.—Yours, etc.,

Tolworth

EDWARD MISHAN

India's Economic Plans

Sir,—Having recently returned from a two-month study of industrial development in West Bengal and Bihar (mainly in the Damodar Valley, one of India's major development centres), I have read Mr. Zinkin's talk in THE LISTENER of September 26 with interest, and would like to make the following comments.

First of all, there is no doubting the seriousness of the present financial crisis, resulting from over-expenditure on the second five-year plan. The attention to finance in the *Second Five*

Year Plan (Delhi, 1956), can only be described as superficial. Total expenditure was estimated at £3,600,000,000: of this only £1,800,000,000 can be raised through 'budgetary resources'. Of the rest, £900,000,000 comes from 'deficit financing', defined as 'government spending in excess of government receipts', £600,000,000 from foreign grants and loans, leaving a gap of £300,000,000, 'the means of raising which will have to be decided upon in detail later' (page 78). The price of this inattention to detail is now being paid.

But more fundamental, and perhaps more far-reaching in its consequences, is the malorientation of the plan as a whole in relation to the country's needs. India is an agricultural country and will remain so, in spite of her huge reserves of iron ore, for many decades to come. (Mr. Zinkin's reference to her reserves of coking coal is, perhaps, misleading: India is notoriously short of this vital raw material.) She is also grossly over-populated. The emphasis in the first plan was on raising agricultural production; in the second, it is on industry. And this even though the plan itself confesses that 'in terms of calories the per adult consumption of food per day, which at present amounts to 2,200, is expected to increase by 1960-61 to 2,450 as against the minimum of 3,000 recommended by nutrition experts' (page 260). Thus the target of 15 per cent. increase in food-grain production is inadequate even if it is fulfilled, which judging by statistics during the last two years of the first plan, when production actually declined, seems problematical.

The main criticism to be levelled against the plan, however, is that it completely fails to tackle India's most pressing problem: over-population. In 1951, the total population was 357,000,000; it was then increasing, and will go on increasing (according to the plan) at the minimum rate of 4,500,000 per annum for the next twenty-five years: one new mouth to feed every seven seconds. No amount of industrialisation can avert the consequences of this deluge of births; no amount of attention to

agricultural productivity will suffice to avert starvation—already, euphemistically termed chronic malnutrition, a grim reality. The only solution lies in some form of family planning, and the sooner begun the better. Yet what does the plan propose? An expenditure of £3,750,000 over five years for the whole country, or approximately one halfpenny per head per year, 0.07 per cent. of the total plan expenditure.

No further comment is necessary. Until the two major problems of population increase and inadequate agricultural production in relation to numbers are tackled, and tackled successfully, India will continue on the verge of disaster. Mr. Zinkin entitles his talk 'Sacrificing for the Future'; failure in these fields will mean there is no future worth sacrificing for.—Yours, etc.,
Cambridge D. R. STODDART

The Liberal Dilemma

Sir,—As a suburban lower-middle-class housewife who diligently reads many periodicals I am left in no doubt as to the miserably low intellectual level of my kind, and it is therefore with some trepidation that I cross swords with Mr. Irving Kristol who wrote in *THE LISTENER* of October 3 concerning comparative standards of living. However, from my wonted position at the kitchen sink I really do think I am well placed to correct him on one or two of the points he has chosen to illustrate the parity of living standards between us and the United States.

The 'trash-can', first of all. It is quite mystifying to me that anyone could equate a dustbin with a garbage-disposal unit. Has Mr. Kristol never seen a housewife waging sanitary-powder war upon the flies around her dustbin in hot weather? Has he never smelt the malodorous vapours rising from a dustbin in the heat? I assure anyone unfamiliar with these sights and smells that a garbage-disposal unit most definitely represents a rise in the standard of living.

Secondly, I challenge Mr. Kristol's proposition that because our country is so much smaller, a car is not quite such a necessity. It does not require vast distances to tire a human being. Ask any housewife, laden with a bag of shopping, and pushing, for only a few hundred yards, a pram containing more shopping and a bawling infant, whether a car would represent a rise in the standard of living for her. I know this is so from personal experience, having recently become sole owner of an aged vehicle. I cannot express in words the rise this has meant in my standard of living. I can do my shopping in comfort; I can take my children to school in inclement weather; I can visit the countryside, and my friends, at will, and in far greater comfort than when I was dependent upon public transport. Does it matter that the places I visit lie within a radius of thirty miles and not 300 or 3,000?

Even in the less important matter of size of television screen, I cannot think that Mr. Kristol is entirely right. A larger screen means more effortless viewing, and surely less nervous strain in taking one's pleasure might reasonably be considered as an improvement in living standards?

And, truly, to declare that more numerous possessions do not mean a rise in living standards is totally and shamefully to ignore the millions of women who toil and worry ten times more than they need, simply because the products of our technical advances are not

made available to them. Would Mr. Kristol like to look after a young family in the summer without the aid of a refrigerator? Would he like to clean a house without a vacuum cleaner and electric polisher? Would he like to hump the shopping home whatever the weather? And if he were forced to do these things, would he not regard a few more possessions such as refrigerator, electric cleaners, and car as representing a rise in his standard of living? Of course it is true that if you are a millionaire extra possessions do not ease your lot. However, few indeed of us are millionaires and too many lack the extra possessions which would ease and make gracious their lives.

I should like, in conclusion, to challenge the hypocrisy which denigrated the powers of possessions to increase the happiness of ordinary people. It is true that few of us utilise to best advantage the freedom given by technical advances, but is it not a tribute to our kind that for the first time in history the potentialities of well-spent leisure are available to so many? Let us not be too high and mighty where 'mere' possessions are concerned.

Yours, etc.,

Ilford

H. WERNICK

Radio Drama

Sir,—I would never be so cruel as to slap Mr. Val Gielgud. But since he casts me for the role of 'pedagogue' I will try to make the mortarboard fit. I read out, with sardonic relish: 'he'—meaning me—

has on various occasions made it clear that in his opinion my department should concern itself solely with the presentation of stage plays in broadcasting terms. He also asserts that no other sort of material, the novel least of all, is susceptible to satisfactory radio dramatic treatment. This is a perfectly comprehensible point of view: I submit it is not criticism.

'Very interesting, my dear Gielgud', I continue, trying to keep in character as cast, 'is it concern with the delimitation of drama that is not criticism? Perhaps you will tell us how you reach that original conclusion. But we may defer that pleasure until you have advised the class of the "various occasions" on which I have advanced the contentions and assertions you attribute to me. I was under the impression that I had said nothing of the kind.

'Your own implied definition of the proper province of the Drama Department would seem to depend more on the present competitive position of mechanical media than on what you conceive drama itself to be. Have the goodness to apply yourself to the following supplementary questions:

'1. Why precisely may drama criticism not legitimately take a somewhat less strategic view of what constitutes drama and what does not?

'2. It is not permissible for criticism to doubt whether, if the proportion of good theatrical drama is drastically reduced, the supply of good original radio scripts and of satisfactorily adapted fiction will be adequate to form the majority of your prodigious ephemeral output without a marked qualitative deterioration?

'3. Do you assume that the principal dramas of, for instance, Aeschylus, Sophocles, Euripides and Aristophanes, of Marlowe, Shakespeare and Jonson; of Dryden, Congreve and Sheridan; of Sartre, Lorca and Brecht, will now be so regularly available in the primarily visual

medium of television that regular sound productions of them would be a vain repetition?

'4. Do you not agree that, in the present state of the commercial theatre, most of these dramas will be available in performance to a national audience through sound broadcasting or not at all? If so, is it unreasonable to expect public service broadcasting to provide them frequently as a primary obligation? Or are these what you have in mind when you refer to "an outmoded and largely dying theatrical convention" and "a policy demonstrably out of date"?

'5. How does a concern for the continued performance of such plays on the scale hitherto achieved by your admirable Department, including suitable series, cycles and collations of plays, confuse criticism with the riding of a hobby-horse? Do not such works constitute the bulk of major dramatic achievement in any medium?

'6. Can it be that light entertainment, popular novels and the kind of preoccupation with crime on which certain newspapers repose their enviable circulations have an appeal that you find it inconvenient to have measured against more austere artistic criteria?

'Pedantic as such questions may appear, permanent members of the teaching profession to which you have temporarily promoted me may not be alone in hoping that such points will not be anathema to, for instance, my esteemed senior colleague the former headmaster of Rugby'.

Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.2

ROY WALKER

Sir,—I may as well cry for the moon as to hope that Roy Walker may soon step into Val Gielgud's shoes, but I have learnt that my circumstances are exceptional.

Should Mr. Gielgud be interested in knowing what these circumstances are, I can tell him that I am a busy housewife, with a large family, having little money and less free time. I cannot go to London, nor Edinburgh (lacking money and time) to see stage plays. I only just find time to read the reviews. I spend most of my days and evenings on such tasks as darning socks, baking cakes, and ironing, and I like to listen to the radio at the same time on the now rare occasions when there is something worth listening to. Unless I am exceptional in being busy, perhaps Mr. Gielgud will tell me how to bake a cake and watch television simultaneously.

If I really want to read a novel I can get it from the library (reading it in the bath and on the bus) but if I want to 'see' a play I am entirely dependent on sound radio.—Yours, etc.,
Aberdeen

PAMELA DUNN

The First English 'Ring'

Sir,—I have read with great interest Lady Harty's reminiscences on the first English 'Ring' in 1908 (*THE LISTENER*, October 3).

'I cannot remember if there were other performances of "The Ring" in English at Covent Garden', she concludes. Indeed there were. For such was the success of the 1908 cycles, that the following winter three cycles and an extra 'Walküre' were given, all under Richter, with Minnie Saltzman-Stevens, the great American soprano, as Brünnhilde. Then in the early nineteen-twenties the British National Opera Company gave several cycles in English under Albert Coates, with Florence Austral as Brünnhilde.—Yours, etc.,

London, N.10

HAROLD ROSENTHAL

The Musical Analysis of Music

Sir,—Mr. Geoffrey H. Wilde seems to know all about my wordless functional analysis without having heard it. He also knows all about the theory of functional analysis although it has not yet been published and is in fact still developing (I let practice precede theory). In brief, he is fighting eight windmills.

(1) Functional analysis (hereinafter called 'FA') is not concerned with 'certain aspects of musical form in its widest sense', but with the background unity of contrasting themes in the concretest sense.

(2) FA proposes not 'to dispense altogether with conventional music criticism' but to supersede unmusical visual analysis on the one hand, and the description of things you can hear anyway on the other.

(3) FA is not 'a method of judgement'; no analysis is. But all substantial judgement avails itself of analysis for the purpose of substantiation.

(4) FA is not a system.

(5) FA is not based on any dogma.

(6) FA's theory of unity does not 'start with the arbitrary assumption that unity is an end in itself'. That end could indeed easily be achieved by way of monotony. Unity is an indispensable means towards comprehensibility. It is the basis of musical logic: a musical sentence which disregards unity is like a verbal sentence which disregards the laws of identity, of contradiction, and of excluded middle.

(7) A transference of a movement from one work to another is either good or bad. If it is bad, the new total structure may lack unity; if it is good, it must needs possess unity. Things either hang together or they don't: I do not see what is so disquieting about this proposition.

(8) I don't think of music in terms of 'advance' and 'progress', and FA is nothing to do with these concepts. At the same time, it is quite true that I have found serial technique in Mozart and Beethoven. If Mr. Wilde regards as drivel the discovery of the roots of later techniques in earlier ones, he is taking the wind out of the sails of his own windmills.

Finally, I am not a doctor.—Yours, etc.,
London, N.W.3 HANS KELLER

The Irony of Francis Poulenc

Sir,—Mr. Cockshott challenges me to justify my generalisation that all contemporary music appears to take some peculiar sort of pride in deriving from other music.

My answer is twofold. It is in the first place self-evident that no music has ever been anything else but derivative, or it would not be music at all. This does not mean that a composer who is aware of his ancestry is unoriginal. Quite the opposite. Ravel, for instance, one of the most original of musical minds, insisted that his discoveries had always been the direct result of imitation. (*'Je n'ai jamais eu la prétention de créer ex nihilo. C'est en imitant que j'innove'*.)

Nowadays this problem of a composer's allegiances has become more acute for the reason that the language of music is in a state of complete fluidity. The composer is also more conscious of this problem. Hence the patch-quilt of musical history displayed in the work of Stravinsky.

I do not think that any composer today would claim to be completely original. And I am sure

that neither Vaughan Williams nor Bartók has ever done anything of the sort.

As for the Mozartean qualities in Schönberg, I refer Mr. Cockshott to an essay by Hans Keller in which Schönberg's supposedly original technique of composition is traced back to a work of Mozart said to contain (I quote from memory) 'an example of the purest twelve-note system'.—Yours, etc.,

London, W.9 EDWARD LOCKSPEISER

The Gaps in Main Street

Sir,—It was a pleasure to find Sir Hugh Casson (THE LISTENER, September 26) denouncing the thesis of popular art used as a defence of Subtopia. It is a dangerously plausible argument and its clichés, borrowed from the 'rather-fun' school of film criticism, can be taken too easily at their face value.

There are, actually, some grounds for optimism as far as England is concerned. Travelling eastwards through the homely vulgarity of the Great West Road and across the robustly active roundabout at Chiswick, teeming with all its infinite variety, one now finds the Cromwell extension nearing completion. In some sections, the two traffic lanes are divided not by chain-link fencing on concrete posts, but by well-proportioned iron railings of the kind used on the river front at Battersea Park. At other points where old streets have been cut in half, some of the openings have been tidily punctuated by a pleasant yellow-brick wall—in scale with the adjoining houses—or a row of bollards. There are no advertisements. The lamp standards are not unnecessarily assertive. Without wishing to detract from the credit this reflects on the authorities concerned, one cannot help noticing how easy it all looks. Given such conditions, nobody would need to live defensively and sentimentally in the past, and a good deal could be happily accepted even in Oxford.

Yours, etc.,
London, S.W.5 J. A. HARTLEY

The Symbol of the Snake

Sir,—The talk in THE LISTENER of September 26, 'The Symbol of the Snake', cannot be allowed to go without escaping comment.

While the author is accurate in his localisation and antiquity of the forms of snake worship he is entirely wrong as to the reason for it. Snakes were not worshipped with love or fear, but with awe, because the snake is one of the oldest symbols of the force of generation to be adopted by the human mind. This is partly owing to the fact that the serpent sheds its skin, reappearing in a new body as if it were immortal, and partly owing to its resemblance to the lingam, especially when it is angry and the fore-part of it becomes erect supporting the glans shaped head. It has always been worshipped for its most powerful associations with fertility and hence with life.

American-Indians had their serpent mounds, the Druids revered their sacred snakes, The mystic serpent of Orpheus, the Midgard snake of Scandinavia, and the brazen serpent of the Jews give testimony to the universality of its worship. There are many thousands of snake worshippers in India today, and the snake dance as a fertility or initiation rite, performed by virgins alone or by both men and women, is still danced in parts of Africa and Asia.

A carved serpent curled up in an oval may

still be found among the decorations on the ark in the synagogue, and here it most powerfully represents the male and female generative organs. There were snake ceremonies in Europe long after the advent of Christianity; within recent times live snakes were burned on the eve of St. John in the Pyrenees. The Ophites caused a tame snake to coil round the sacramental bread and worshipped it as the representation of the Saviour. The tradition of St. Patrick driving the snakes out of Ireland and the similar tradition of the expulsion of snakes from France indicate the struggle of early Christianity against the worship of the snake-lingam.

The name of the serpent in some languages means 'life'; it also stands for wisdom. In the Legend of Gilgamesh the serpent has the secret of eternal youth. The fascination that the snake is supposed to exercise over other animals relates its association directly with erotic imagery through the very use of the word fascination to describe this power. For the word is derived from a Latin word meaning the male organ of generation. It was a serpent that opened the eyes of the first human pair and the serpent is regarded as the teacher of man in wisdom.

Its association with the power of life and generation is preserved to this day in the symbol of the medical profession—the caduceus.

I trust that these few facts conclusively disprove your contributor's naive equation of snake worship with the fear of it as a poisonous creature.—Yours, etc.,

Reading REUBEN WHEELER

Uncertain Sounds

Sir,—'Controversy' it must be, then! Your readers will be grateful to Miss White (THE LISTENER, September 26) for passing on to them her friend's judgement that the pronunciation 'contróversy' is 'uneducated . . . makes nonsense of the word's meaning'. It is never *súper-fluou*s to make known a principle of pronunciation as important as the one implied in this last phrase (even if some people do find it a little *éxtra-vagant*). *Vivent les précieuses!*

Yours, etc.,
Leicester L. C. SYKES

Sir,—If Miss Freda White were to ask me what is my bugbear it is the announcers, etc., who say 'Juke' instead of 'Duke'.—Yours, etc.,
Crowborough WINSTER

Sir,—Your correspondent Miss Freda White (THE LISTENER, September 26) states that the word 'tryst' 'is the same as the German "Treist" in derivation and overtone'. This is presumably a misprint or a mistake since no such word exists. Assuming that 'tryst' is related to 'trust' then it would also be true to say that it is related to the German 'Trost' (comfort) but this is scarcely relevant to the pronunciation of 'tryst'. A more likely derivation seems to be from the Old French 'triste': a place for watching or waiting (in hunting) and this is hardly likely to have been pronounced with a long 'y' sound. At least one reputable dictionary (*Webster's New Collegiate*) gives the short 'i' as a legitimate pronunciation in standard English; whilst noting that only the long 'y' is recognised in 'Scot. and Dial'.

Yours, etc.,
Lewes S. GODMAN

Art

Round the London Galleries

By ANDREW FORGE

WILLIAM TURNBULL is having his first London exhibition since 1952 at the I.C.A., Dover Street.

The principal works are symmetrical standing figures rather like idols. Many are as narrow as planks, their surfaces marked with regular corrugations. Sometimes their features are treated with vestigial naturalism, sometimes they are treated as emblems. The human face is treated in a series of seven masks. In these the features are approached very directly; they are imprinted on the mask in a sort of code of holes and pieces and they pop and grimace at you as you decipher them. There are other, more solemn, versions of the head in the form of isolated objects like vast metallic coconuts. These seem to be of immense strength, to have been hacked and scored like moraine pebbles, and the features are like a secret pattern within these marks. Another group of works strikes a completely different note. These are reliefs in which on a slightly concave base there are set out groups of very small regular forms, cubes, cylinders and so on. They are at the same time like mysterious keyboards and architects' models of vast schemes (only they are not immaculate: they are more like real cities).

The sculptural style is eclectic but it hardly seems to the point to analyse Turnbull's debts to Picasso, Giacometti, and others. Nor is it important to insist upon the experimental attitude towards his material that places Turnbull so firmly in his generation. What one wants to be able to describe is something of the total effect of the exhibition. You hover over a city or move between figures that seem alert to distant things, or handle these head-like objects, and all the time it feels as if you are covering vast distances, as it does when you visit a first-rate museum in the right mood. Every object that you come to is like a new place—you had not guessed that it existed. And against this you are aware that this is one man's museum. Each individual object, brought back from heaven knows where, is marked by the same unique imagination. Perhaps what should be insisted on is this: much of modern art draws deeply upon reminiscences and associations, and all you can do with it is to unravel them. When you have done this you have finished with it. But with these extraordinary sculptures of Turnbull's the reverse is true—the further you follow your thoughts about what a particular work is of or like or suggests, the more dominating it becomes as an object, the truer and harder its forms, the more refined and imaginative its surface.

Anyone, philistine or otherwise, who has doubted whether there is anything to choose between paintings in the *tachiste*-action idiom,

or has been busy with jokes about chimpanzees should go straight from the chokingly depressing chaos of the Free Painters Group exhibition at Walker's Gallery to Gimpels Fils, where John Levee, an American, is showing. His pictures are exhilarating. Strips of thick paint,

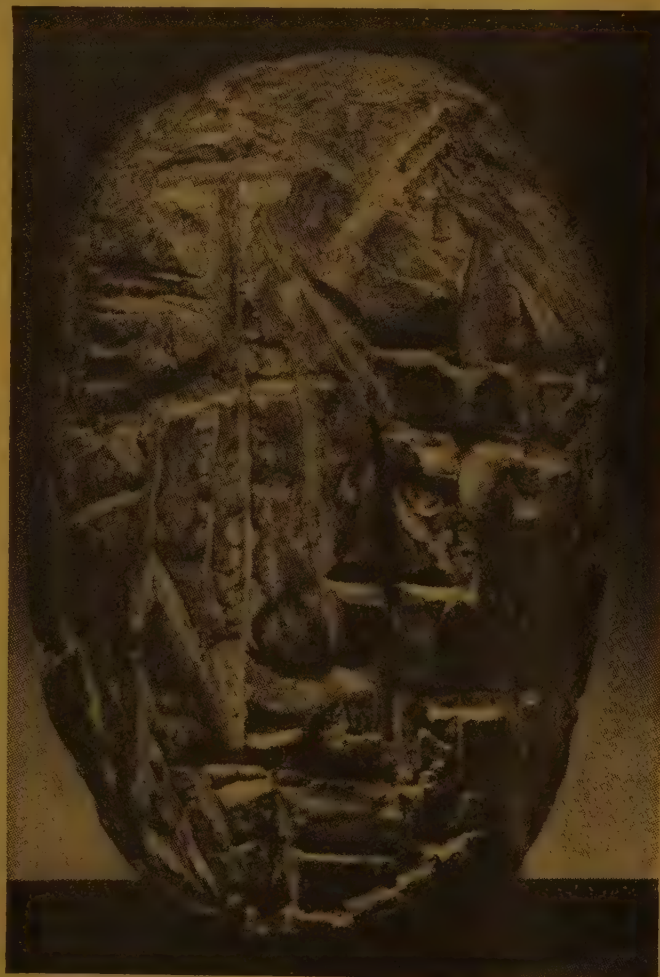
it is transparent. For this reason the exhibitions of the Women's International Art Club (the present one is at the Whitechapel Art Gallery) are the most enjoyable mixed exhibitions held in London. The general level here is a high one, a plateau from which Barbara Hep-

worth, Anne Redpath, Wendy Pasmore and a few others stand out like monuments. But it must be said that the stylistic assurance that makes this exhibition so easy to look at is usually the assurance of the executant rather than of the composer; it does not convey the rigours of discovery because these are not here to convey. They are the lyric poets—supreme at isolating and transposing into their chosen form some valued glimpse of the world. Three young painters stand out: Rosemary Phipps (No. 135), Carolyn Stafford (No. 90), and Charlotte Jennings whose 'Still life with Chanel No. 5' is almost like a Bonnard in its impossible combination of sweetness and hardness.

The point about style in women's paintings comes to mind at the exhibition of new paintings by Vieira da Silva at the Hanover Gallery. She has made an important mark on recent painting; her influence has shown up in the most unexpected places yet there is nothing about her work that implies discovery. The content of her pictures is in essence no different from that of any landscape painter of the nineteenth century, a Corot, a Pissarro. She loves perspective and the cutting of horizontals and verticals in space. This does not make her any less of an artist. It simply means that our attitude to her paintings is not adventurous but open to pleasure. There is one of her famous patchwork perspectives here, but most of the recent work is looser, more open. Like Corot, to whom she pays tribute in one canvas, her mood is gentle and reflective. Where his lyricism was expressed in his singing tone

she dreams backwards and forwards in her vistas of lines, sometimes leading one in and out of the spaces of a cage, sometimes sweeping one through sunlit screens.

Upstairs at the same gallery are some paintings and drawings by Ahmed Yacoubi, a Cherif from Fez. His drawings would have delighted the eye of Paul Klee.



'Head Object I', by William Turnbull: from the exhibition at the I.C.A. Gallery

black, red, orange or blue, drive backwards and forwards with the force and precision of pistons. The pictures are like good jazz, swinging, exact, combining the excitement of improvisation with that sense of almost miraculous rhythmical foresight that one feels when a drum-major tosses his sticks and marches forward to meet them. Are they a little too assured, one wonders. They don't have the bitter crushing force of a Franz Kline, still less the tenuous lyricism of a Sam Francis. But their sheer expertise and *élan* should serve as a useful and sobering example to the many amateurs of the style in this country.

Women painters are inclined to resent generalisations about their art and sex. All the same they should accept at least one of these: that style does not usually mean the same to them as it does to men. Women can use a style; their grasp of it is precocious and their purpose with

All who care for the art of stained glass will be glad to know that the S.P.C.K. has recently published an abridged pocket edition of Mr. Bernard Rackham's monumental tome, *The Ancient Glass of Canterbury Cathedral*, which appeared in 1949. The four colour-plates are travesties, but otherwise this is a most useful book, with full descriptions of all the medieval glass, together with fourteen window-diagrams and a numbered plan. The new title is *The Stained Glass Windows of Canterbury Cathedral*: the price is 7s. 6d.

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Sigmund Freud: Life and Work.

Volume 3. The Last Phase 1919.

1939. By Ernest Jones.

Hogarth Press. 35s.

DR. ERNEST JONES has brought his masterpiece to a successful conclusion. 'Masterpiece' is not a word to be lightly used and, it might be argued, should never be used of any work which has not stood the test of time; but no lesser commendation appears appropriate to this unparalleled biography and exposition. Dr. Jones has fortified the account of his own dealings with Freud with a meticulous study of all the surviving evidence in the form of letters or other documents so that the biography is fully authenticated. He has portrayed the life of a scientist in a manner which cannot but satisfy other scientists, and the life of a brave and noble man in a manner which must interest and edify all who have a feeling for human greatness. It is a monument that is likely to endure.

The last twenty years of Freud's life, described in this volume, have much of the stoic grandeur of a Roman tragedy. They open with Freud, already past sixty, a hungry and penniless man, his savings wiped out by the post-war Austrian inflation, separated from nearly all his friends and adherents by the revengeful laws of the victorious allies; they close with his purposeful death, an agonised old man in exile; and nearly all the intervening years are filled with pain heroically borne; the pain of his cancer of the jaw, for which the first major operation was performed in 1923, when a large part of his jawbone was removed and a painful prosthesis inserted, which impaired his speech and his eating; in the intervening years there were more than thirty other operations, both major and minor, and hardly a day of ease. During this period too he had grief from the loss of loved relatives and friends by death, and grief, for him perhaps almost as poignant, from the schisms in the psycho-analytic movement and the desertion (in both cases after visits to the United States) of two of his closest collaborators, Otto Rank and Sandor Ferenczi. To have survived such miseries with unbroken spirit would have been triumph enough for most men; but he also worked persistently at analysis with very small interruptions; and his creative ideas during this period completely transformed the theoretical basis of psycho-analysis; his publications would have been remarkable, in volume as well as in content, for a young and healthy man.

Beyond the Pleasure Principle, *Group Psychology* and *The Ego and the Id* all date from this period; and these works transformed psycho-analysis from a technique of psychiatric therapy to a coherent system of psychology by the elaboration of what Freud called metapsychology. Other works in this extraordinary late flowering deal with war, religion, civilisation and the basic problems of our time with considerable wisdom; and we are tantalised by learning that Freud collaborated with Ambassador Bullitt in a life of Woodrow Wilson, which will not be published for many years. Finally there is Freud's 'historical novel' *Moses and Monotheism*, concerning which Dr. Jones points

out how obsessed Freud was with the theme of the 'family romance', the idea that people are not what they seem; besides the 'Egyptian' Moses, there are Leonardo and Shakespeare; after dallying with the Baconians, Freud became an advocate of the Earl of Oxford as author of Shakespeare's works.

In this volume Dr. Jones expatiates at some length on the subjects where he could not follow Freud, not only such technical points as the death-instinct and the question of lay analysis (which is treated in considerable detail) but also such quirks as his leanings to Lamarckism, his interest in occultism, his belief in number magic and the like. Dr. Jones has also written a series of historical reviews of Freud's influence on or interest in biology, anthropology, sociology, religion, occultism, art and literature; brief though many of these are they are impressive and informative. Appendices give translations of thirty-eight letters to different respondents and elaborate clinical details of Freud's cancer.

In this last volume Dr. Jones has perhaps been too self-effacing; his role in the psycho-analytic movement after 1919 demands more detailed treatment. One can also feel that more space might have been devoted to Miss Anna Freud, as a devoted daughter and scientific colleague; but Dr. Jones, it would seem, decided that all the subsidiary figures, even his own, should be in the shadow of the great portrait he has painted with love and faithfulness.

The Game of Hearts. Harriette Wilson and her Memoirs. Edited by Lesley Blanch. Gryphon, 28s.

What is the difference between a courtesan, a kept woman, and a prostitute? The question is not, as one might think, extracted from the Wolfenden Report but arises from a perusal of Miss Blanch's diverting and discursive introduction to a new edition of Harriette Wilson's Memoirs. Miss Blanch herself supplies the answer. 'While the prostitute is to be bought by anyone, the courtesan selects her patrons and the *femme entretenue* is kept in exclusivity [*sic*] by one protector'.

The courtesan in her line of country is a patrician. She need have no great beauty (Harriette Wilson had little) but she must have charm, individuality, sympathy, and above all she must be companionable. Baby Doll-dom is utterly insufficient. The patron which the courtesan selects comes, as Miss Blanch wittily remarks, not merely to sleep but to dine. She must therefore keep an excellent table, be an authority on wines, maintain a complete establishment. In a word she must entertain. Exactly who were Harriette Wilson's patrons will never be known, because when for unabashedly commercial reasons she started to write her memoirs she offered to omit anyone for £200 cash down and honestly kept her bargain. Many, fearful of publicity, paid up, but others adopted with Wellington the publish-and-be-damned attitude and from their numbers it can be deduced that her acquaintance with the British aristocracy must have been extensive.

A courtesan can flourish only when society is leisured, privileged, moneyed, and spendthrift. The Regency age exactly complied with these requirements. Its bucks enjoyed a life of splendid sexual communism. Women like Harriette passed from one nobly born lover to another, leaving behind no rancour or heartache. No man fought a duel or broke with his best friend because of a Cyprian. On the other hand no Cyprian with any pretensions allowed herself to be spirited away to some discreet love-nest in St. John's Wood. She and other Fashionable Impures boldly drove and consorted in the Park, had their box at the Opera (200 guineas a season) and danced at the Argyle Rooms.

The age of Harriette Wilson—the age of the romantic courtesan—is as remote as that of her prototype Aspasia. In 150 years it has been destroyed partly by the intrusion into society of a different type born of industrial England and Victorian gentility, partly by the decay of arranged marriages, but principally by economic pressure. Paying nineteen shillings in the pound, what remains of British aristocracy has nothing left over for a complete set-up in Knightsbridge at an equivalent cost of at least £800 a month. When, as Miss Blanch points out, the French (of all people) have officially standardised all women of a certain calling by the designation *Poulet*, times indeed have changed.

Poems of Many Years

By Edmund Blunden. Collins. 18s.

In Mr. Blunden's new book of poems (it is a selection from all his previous books of verse and also includes some new pieces) there occurs a poem on 'The Wartons and Other Early Romantic Landscape Poets'. The first verse might be extended by his admirers to include the author himself:

Mild hearts! and modest as the evening bell
That rings so often through your meadow
rhyme,
May there be elms and belfries where you dwell,
And the last streaks of day still gild old time!

The sentiment here, and the technique, are pure Blunden, even down to such full-blooded and unashamed archaisms as the double negative ('Nor shall the shades of poets not be seen...') in the last verse. His love of the literature and the landscape of England, his sense of symmetry and euphony, are present in all his work, nowhere perhaps more happily than in the beautiful poem 'Forefathers' with its tranquil ending:

Like the bee that now is blown
Honey-heavy on my hand,
From his toppling tansy-throne
In the green tempestuous land—
I'm in clover now, nor know
Who made honey long ago.

He sums up his traditional faith in the romantic-pastoral tradition in 'The Home of Poetry', leaving his readers in no doubt where his heart and allegiance lie. His verse has no ambiguities. His responses are continually alive but his approach remains steady and constant:

Willing to give whatever art I know
To some new theme or old one newly springing,



some autumn books

An illustration showing Chinese players of the mouth organ and percussion-clapper from the **NEW OXFORD HISTORY OF MUSIC** Volume I, *Ancient and Oriental Music*, edited by EGON WELLESZ (63s. net)

Georgina Hogarth and the Dickens Circle

ARTHUR A. ADRIAN

In this biography, unpublished correspondence, diaries, legal records and family reminiscences are used to tell the story of Georgina Hogarth's almost fanatical seventy-five-year devotion to her brother-in-law Charles Dickens. *Illustrated* 30s. net 14 NOVEMBER

The Castle of Fratta

IPPOLITO NIEVO

Translated by LOVETT F. EDWARDS

Ippolito Nievo, soldier-poet and lieutenant of Garibaldi, was lost at sea in 1861, but he left behind him an epic novel which has long been recognized as a classic of Italian fiction. This great novel, abridged and translated, will come as a revelation to most English readers. 21s. net 17 OCTOBER

The Succession

POEMS QUENTIN STEVENSON

Compact and compressed in form and meaning, Quentin Stevenson's poems make a first impression of importance which grows with re-reading, and shows him to be a new poet of exciting capabilities. 10s. 6d. net

Oxford

UNIVERSITY PRESS

The Oxford Dictionary of the Christian Church

EDITED BY F. L. CROSS

The aim of this comprehensive one-volume work is to provide factual information on every aspect of Christianity, especially in its historical development. There are over 6,000 entries or articles, ranging from a few lines to about 2,500 words in length with concise bibliographies to nearly all major entries. The *Dictionary* will have a wide relevance not merely for students of Christianity but for historians, students of literature, and the educated reader generally.

1512 pages . 70s. net



Social & Political Thought in Byzantium

FROM JUSTINIAN I TO THE LAST PALAEOLOGUS

Passages from Byzantine Writers and Documents
Translated with Introduction and Notes by
SIR ERNEST BARKER

These translations are preceded by introductory chapters on the Byzantine literary tradition and system of society and government, and the book in a sense forms a pendant to Sir Ernest Barker's earlier work *From Alexander to Constantine*, which dealt with the Greco-Roman world of antiquity from 336 B.C. to A.D. 337. 30s. net

Horace

EDUARD FRAENKEL

By outlining the history of Horace's work, from his early epodes and satires to his mature epistles and odes, this book will enable the reader to understand each poem as a whole and to appreciate the character and arrangement of the poet's books in their entirety. 55s. net

The Oxford Companion to the Theatre

Edited by PHYLLIS HARTNOLL

The new Supplement includes 154 illustrations, some not previously published in England, covering the history of the theatre from the earliest times; a running commentary on them, and additional articles. The bibliography has been extended. *Second edition*
Illustrated 45s. net

An African Survey

REVISED 1956

A STUDY OF PROBLEMS ARISING IN AFRICA SOUTH OF THE SAHARA

LORD HAILEY, O.M.

The idea of an African Survey originated with General Smuts; the first edition, in 1938, was widely accepted as an objective and authoritative source of information. The revision, similar in objective and in form, is largely a new work, the extensive changes in Africa making it necessary to rewrite the book almost completely. It ends with 1955 but refers to some of the more important developments in 1956. (R.I.I.A.) *Maps*
£5.5s. net 17 OCTOBER

Democracy in Western Germany

RICHARD HISCOCKS

'Professor Hiscocks... has tackled his subject with thoroughness... where his book is of particular value is in its minute analysis of the functioning of democracy in sectors of west German life less visible to the eye of the foreigner: in *Länder* politics, local government, and the Civil Service... on the whole he is restrainedly optimistic about the future prospects for democracy in Germany.'

THE TIMES 30s. net

Parliamentary Sovereignty & the Commonwealth

GEOFFREY MARSHALL

The sovereignty of Parliament is, as Dicey wrote, 'the dominant characteristic of our political institutions,' but much that has happened in recent years has pointed to a need for a re-examination of this basic principle of the British constitution. This work analyses the language in which the legal theory of sovereignty has been formulated, and examines its influence in the constitutions of the United Kingdom and Commonwealth countries.
35s. net 24 OCTOBER

HOME UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

EARLY MODERN EUROPE FROM ABOUT 1450 TO ABOUT 1720
by Sir George Clark

PROPAGANDA by Lindley Fraser

ROMAN CATHOLICISM IN ENGLAND FROM THE REFORMATION TO 1950 by E. I. Watkin

Each 7s. 6d. net

I hear fresh hours appeal, I mark the flow
Of daring wits; they promise well. I go
Where older friends are singing.

Blunden's other major theme has been war. The poems from *Undertones of War* perhaps gained an extra dimension in their original place as the appendix and summing-up of a prose book which has now become, fittingly, a World's Classic. But those who turn to the new poems at the end of this book will find, in a translation from the French, some verses which seem to reconcile the themes of peace and war in a new and very moving simplicity:

The strange dream of things that are past
That precedes us at the very last
Gave to either, blest,
The vision of that he called his best.

This poem, 'Vision', forms a fitting close to this book, which has gathered together the best work of a lifetime's devotion to poetry by a man who has won distinction in almost every branch of literature.

The New Class: an Analysis of the Communist System. By Milovan Djilas. Thames and Hudson. 21s.

Mr. Djilas is not the first eminent Communist to deliver an attack on communist tyranny: it is safe to predict that he will not be the last. Nevertheless his much heralded indictment of communist rule differs fundamentally from most others. Hitherto ex-Communists have usually launched their criticism from the safety of asylum in the capitalist West. Not so Mr. Djilas, who remains at the mercy of those whom he has now attacked, and who knows better than anyone else what their mercy is worth. Already in prison for predicting about a year ago the beginning of the end of Communism in the West, he is now on 'trial' again. No doubt even as these words are being published, some suitably servile judge will have been instructed by the Yugoslav party bosses what sentence to impose on him after going through the motions of what Communists call a trial. His wife and dependants risk suffering that victimisation which is the despicable but unhappily familiar feature of Fascist and Communist despotisms. A man must have both great courage and great faith in the truth of what he is saying to face these hazards.

The analysis contained in this essay falls into two propositions. The first, and less important, is palpably false: that a Communist regime was the only method by which industrialisation could be accomplished in Russia, and by implication in any underdeveloped country. Presumably, like most Communists, Mr. Djilas knows his history only as seen through Marxist spectacles, which is as good as not knowing it at all. Otherwise he could scarcely have remained unaware of the quite extraordinary rapidity with which industrialisation was advancing in Russia, especially in the last decade before the first world war. Of course this advance was largely supported by foreign capital investment, and perhaps all good Marxists automatically throw up their hands in horror at the very idea of such imperialist exploitation. But exploitation is a matter of degree. One wonders whether the 10,000,000 or so peasants whom Stalin slaughtered in order to force the remainder to submit to his kind of exploitation—necessary in order to provide capital accumulation for industry—would have thought French capital loans such a bad alternative.

But the main burden of Mr. Djilas' attack is that, once established, a Communist dictatorship soon loses its revolutionary ardour and becomes an entrenched class of privileged exploiters, keeping the majority of the population in subjection in order to preserve the privileges of this one class. Doctrine ceases to matter except in so far as it bolsters the ruling clique. The new class in fact, if not in name, owns all property and exercises all power. Since it cannot preserve its privileged position by honest means and with popular support, it will continue to preserve it by force and by fraud. This development in Communist regimes is not due to the particular wickedness of Communists but to the unhealthy situation which must arise when a small group of rulers is subject to no political control, and permits no free criticism. Now all this is obvious enough, and has been stated repeatedly in the few serious scientific studies of communist rule which have appeared in the West.

The main interest of Mr. Djilas' study therefore resides in its author. For, as an ex-Communist he is a great deal further advanced than most of his predecessors, from Trotsky onwards, who dislike some of the results but still believe that a dictatorship without popular support, without an independent legal system, without the free competition of ideas and the sharp assault of free criticism can somehow with suitable modifications escape becoming corrupt and self-seeking. Mr. Djilas is the first to face the issue squarely: monopoly of political power by one group can only lead to despotism. Left-wing dreamers might do well to learn this once for all, from one who, next to Tito, was probably the most important Yugoslav Communist during some sixteen years. Mr. Djilas is now willing to pay with his own freedom (if anyone is ever free in a Communist state) to assert his case. Yet his victimisation by his enemies and former friends and colleagues itself goes a long way to prove him right. For those who are sure of themselves are not afraid of words of criticism. It is only a 'new class', determined to preserve the privileges which it knows in its heart it has usurped, and which it bolsters by a series of solemn official lies, that finds it necessary to throw into prison those who are brave and honest enough to speak the truth.

Without My Wig

By G. D. Roberts, Q.C.

Macmillan. 25s.

In bulk, size and versatility, 'Khaki' Roberts has always been somewhat larger than life. His reminiscences have the expansiveness of the good fire-side raconteur. Like most in retrospective mood, he includes the trivial as well as the important. We are warned in A. P. Herbert's foreword not to expect a formal autobiography. But we see enough of the author's Exeter boyhood in the 'nineties and of Rugby, Oxford, war, politics, the Temple and the Old Bailey to justify the observation that here is an original, one of those 'characters' whose ranks are rapidly thinning. Is there a ball game in which he has not shone?

Mr. Roberts was a member of the British prosecution team at Nuremberg. His sixty-page account of the great assize catches the mood of the event as more formal narratives have not always done. His portrait of Mr. Justice Jackson, head of the American delegation, is well

drawn. Goering, whose guilt was adjudged 'unique in its enormity' was at the outset 'not unjovial, with a ghost of a smile on his lips'. 'International law', writes Mr. Roberts in defence of the trial, 'is not static: like our common law it can be enlarged and broadened'.

Sir Harry Johnston and the Scramble for Africa. By R. Oliver.

Chatto and Windus. 30s.

A biography of Sir Harry Johnston has been long overdue. It is thirty years since, soon after his death, his brother published a *Life and Letters*. Meanwhile, the small, moody, squeaky-voiced artist, who somewhat incongruously became in Nyasaland and Uganda a builder of empire and, in the comparative study of Bantu languages, a pioneer authority, has remained, forthright but enigmatic, on the very fringe of the stage in the biographies of his contemporaries.

While indeed it must be admitted that, compared with Professor Coupland's *Kirk* and Margery Perham's *Lugard*, the present biography will be found wanting, yet one feels that in many ways Harry Johnston has not suffered, and would not have been disappointed, by having to wait for Dr. Oliver. A bond of sympathy would seem to exist between Johnston and his biographer: a similar restlessness of temperament would appear to characterise the outlook of them both. Not that Dr. Oliver is identified too closely with his subject: he is not uncritical of Johnston's powers of self-deception in his own autobiographical writings, but he shares the same predilection for action as wiser and more praiseworthy than inaction and has imbibed the same impatience with the frustrations of a niggardly Treasury and a professional Foreign Office as had his hero. Dr. Oliver would seem to be aware that a book on Harry Johnston would probably not enjoy a wide popular appeal in this generation; but instead of writing for the specialist, he has set himself the task of attempting to make more of his romance than the materials would appear to permit.

It is clear from the footnotes that, apart from the printed and Public Record Office materials, the evidence is disappointingly meagre. He has written with vigour and imagination. His work is readable where other Africanists might have made it burdensome, but his talents are at times more akin to those of the historical novelist than the historian. In part he has captured something of the exhilarating personality of Sir Harry, largely and prudently (in well-chosen extracts) by letting his subject speak for himself. This is admirably done; but one questions whether Dr. Oliver was wise to sacrifice so much of scholarship to woo a wider audience. He forces his pen at the pictorial cliché with irritating frequency, yet on occasion his feeling for the *mot juste* fails him. His imaginative reasoning and reconstruction of the mental processes of those who came into contact with Johnston (e.g., Lister, page 71) may be intuitively correct, but, wanting evidence, they cause us to lose faith in our guide. His passion for—and skill in—compression here, as in his earlier work, tends to leave an impression of unnecessary haste and superficiality. Sometimes his judgements would seem to be strangely naive: the imperial radical was—as the writings of Shaw and the Webbs might show—no phoenix at the turn of the century. As a study of the Scramble, it is a mis-



BY APPOINTMENT TO
HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN
SUPPLIERS OF CHOCOLATES
SUCHARD CHOCOLATE LTD.

Suchard
CHOCOLATE
established 1826

*for those with
a taste for
the best*



**SUCHARD
CHOCOLATE**

WELWYN GARDEN CITY, HERTS.
Tel: Welwyn Garden 3344-5-6

CLAUD MONET

An Arts Council Exhibition

TATE GALLERY

Admission 2/-

Till 3rd November

Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat., 10-6;

Tues. & Thurs. 10-8;

Sun. 2-6

**how
to
write
and
sell**

each month **THE WRITER** publishes new helpful articles specially designed to achieve one aim—to enable you to increase your income by writing. Benefit, then, from the knowledge and experience of experts in every field of saleable writing. Increase your income by learning how to write effectively... for magazines and newspapers, for book publishers, for radio and TV.

free

Send now for free folder, "What's In It for You!"

THE WRITER, 124, New Bond Street, London, W.1.

Write after reading
The Writer—and Sell!

Who?



The Shakespearean Ciphers Examined

25s. NET

by **WILLIAM & ELIZABETH FRIEDMAN**
CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS

CANCER—

what are you doing about it?



In the British Isles alone Cancer claims about 100,000 new victims each year. Of these some 43,000 are women.

For centuries, Cancer has been the mysterious enemy of mankind. Cancer has killed millions, bereaved millions. Only now, in our time, is real progress against this dread disease being made. Many who would once have died are living examples of this progress.

They owe their lives not only to the skill of surgeons and scientists but also to people—ordinary people—who give the pennies, the shillings and the pounds without which full-scale Cancer research could not take place.

This research costs money—a lot of money. And it will go on costing a lot of money until the cause and prevention of Cancer have been discovered.

Will you help to try to save lives and suffering by giving a donation, however small, to the British Empire Cancer Campaign, whose function it is to finance Cancer research. We ask for legacies; and for cheques, notes, postal orders, stamps. Please address to **SIR CHARLES LIDBURY, Hon. Treasurer, British Empire Cancer Campaign (Dept. L.S.E.), 11 Grosvenor Crescent, London, SW1**, or give to your Local Committee.

**BRITISH EMPIRE
CANCER CAMPAIGN**

Patron: Her Majesty The Queen President: H.R.H. The Duke of Gloucester

Duckworth Books

100 Years of Philosophy

JOHN PASSMORE

Mill to Sartre. "A masterpiece of digestion and exposition, as comprehensive in its kind as it could be." *Times Lit. Supp.*
35/- net

Modern Russia

JOHN LONG

"Into little over 150 pages he has packed a clear, accurate readable summary of the main geographical, political and economic facts. This is easily the best introduction to U.S.S.R. to date, and Mr. Long is to be warmly congratulated on his achievement." *The Listener.*
10/6 net

Schubert's Songs

RICHARD CAPELL

Revised edition of the standard work of analysis and appreciation, first published in 1928. With new preface by Martin Cooper.
30/- net

3 Henrietta St London W.1

Special Deposits

are now accepted at 4 per cent income tax paid. There is no better return compatible with impregnable security. Write today for full information.

EQUALS

7%

GROSS

Deposits in the funds of this Society are protected ten-fold by mortgage assets of £51 million, plus liquid funds of £14 million and reserves of £300,000.

The terms are simple and straight-forward. Your money is not 'tied up' for a period of years

HASTINGS AND

**EAST
SUSSEX**

BUILDING SOCIETY

WELLINGTON PLACE · HASTINGS

and branches in Sussex and Kent
Member of the Building Societies Association

nomer, for the share of the Scramble in the volume in no wise approximates to that of Johnston. Johnston was just an instrument of the Scramble—that is all. But as a biography, while

its 350 pages may still leave gaps of detail in our knowledge and may not prove definitive, it may satisfactorily fill a gap in African history for a long time. As a sympathetic analysis of the

many-sided talents of Sir Harry, Dr. Oliver has given us an attractive and intelligent account, not least in the difficult period of retirement which could hardly have been bettered.

New Novels

Not by Bread Alone. By Vladimir Dudintsev. Hutchinson. 18s.

A Family Party. By John O'Hara. Cresset Press. 8s. 6d.

The Languages of Love. By Christine Brooke-Rose. Secker and Warburg. 15s.

A Girl among Poets. By John Symonds. Chapman and Hall. 13s. 6d.

POLITICAL theorists, particularly of the left, are fond of telling us that all our acts are political acts—as religious theorists tell us that all our acts are religious acts. It would be simplest perhaps to let everybody have his way and grant freely that all our acts are political, religious, economic, artistic, Jungian, philatelic, and everybody's business but our own: but this would be stretching our terms a little. In this country the publication of a novel, for instance, could hardly be held to be always political; though there is a wider sense in which, say, *Lucky Jim* and *Brideshead Revisited* are political gestures.

In Russia, on the other hand, the nature of power makes the publication of a novel willy-nilly a political event: and—what concerns us here more closely—we, by reflection across the curtain, find it in our turn most difficult to read a Soviet novel without making it a political act. This, I think, accounts for the appallingly low standard of Western criticism, pompous, vindictive, gushing or simply uncomfortable, when faced by works such as Dudintsev's *Not by Bread Alone*. Pre-judgement is their necessary fate: and 'correct attitudes' are not necessarily confined to those who hold them Marx-wise. *Not by Bread Alone* and Ehrenburg's *The Thaw* are probably the only two Soviet titles known to the common reader. *The Thaw*, which admittedly supplied a convenient *sobriquet* for a phase in Russian development, was a windy ton of fustian. Dudintsev's novel is an altogether more interesting affair. The hero, Lopatkin, is the inventor of a machine for casting drain-pipes centrifugally. It is a good machine and potentially of the greatest value to Lopatkin's country. But—and in a Communist milieu it is an almighty but—Lopatkin is a lone wolf, a free-lance, member of no combine or working-party. Dudintsev traces his struggle, against every form of bureaucratic tyranny, jealousy, and vested scientific interest, by way of every sort of humiliation, including a prison-camp sentence, to get his machine accepted. An officially-sponsored but hopelessly inefficient government machine is preferred; Lopatkin's plans are burned by the agents of Avdiyev, a sort of Lysenko of drain-pipe casting. Lopatkin wins through in the end, but it is a partially bitter victory, and none of his opponents and detractors seems a whit the worse off for it.

Not by Bread Alone raised a most tremendous stink in the Soviet Union when it was published, on account of the hitherto unprecedented attack on the administration of government. Moscow students shouted at public meetings that the whole of Soviet fiction was a lie, with the exception of this one book. The Writers' Union, after some panicky hawing, came down with

a flat denunciation which has at any rate put an end to open controversy. Western criticism may confidently be expected to fudge the issue in two main ways. The naiver sort will welcome Dudintsev as one who has 'seen the light', and exposed the hollowness of Communism. This seems to me a complete misreading. Dudintsev is a stern critic of the corruptions of bureaucracy but nowhere does there breathe the least suspicion that he is at odds with the Communist ideal. On the contrary it is because he believes in it that he is so concerned to expose what he conceives to be its only temporary and accidental flaws. The author's epilogue, written specially for this English edition, leaves no room for doubt in the matter:

We repudiate those who bring disillusionment, introversion, and selfish calculation into our ranks; we pour out on them all our anger and . . . we shall force them to surrender. It was these feelings that the Soviet readers saw in my book. These feelings are in no way related to that little flame of hope which may perhaps rise in the heart of some Russian landowner grown old in exile, when he reads a propagandist article about my book.

The other pre-judgement, of the more sophisticated sort, will be to dismiss *Not by Bread Alone* with patronising contempt and faint praise as a long tedious earnest affair about (ha! ha!) *drain-pipes*, and as a signal proof of the comic (and tragic) deterioration of literature under governmental interference. I think this is wide of the mark too. Dudintsev's novel is not a great one, but it is good. Anything becomes serious and interesting if treated seriously and interestingly, and drain-pipes are no exception. It is only imaginative anaemia that sees anything *intrinsically* risible in drain-pipes or the passions of dentists. Furthermore Dudintsev is a social-realist in the old-fashioned style of Zola, and this is a particular advantage for the foreign reader. Anyone who wants to know what things feel like and look like in the Russia of today, and to understand *from the inside* the good within the evil of that system, cannot do better than turn to *Not by Bread Alone*: but he will learn nothing worthwhile from it whatsoever unless he reads it as a novel pure and simple, and not as a political tract.

Russian readers might equally benefit from a perusal of Mr. John O'Hara's *A Family Party*. Mr. O'Hara only takes 64 pages to Dudintsev's 446, but one might say without too much exaggeration that the whole of American small-town life is there. *A Family Party* is indeed a sort of *tour-de-force*, consisting solely of the supposed stenographic report of the speech made by his best friend, editor and publisher of the local paper, at a dinner given in honour of the fortieth year of service of Dr. Samuel G. Merritt,

general practitioner to the town of Lyons, Pa. The editor is a good after-dinner speaker, slow and whimsical in the American style but with a most happily exact feeling for the precise note that should be struck on such an occasion—reminiscent, anecdotal, intimate, guardedly emotional. Mr. O'Hara has clearly made a close study of the syntax of ordinary spoken American, which he reproduces with loving care:

We had if not a friend—those that did not know him on this basis—we had the instinctive feeling that he was a man that the thing he wanted most in the world was for us to get well, and if there was anything in his power, he'd see to it that we did.

In its combination of 'character revealed in monologue' and of careful documentation of forty years in the life of an average 'unimportant' country township, *A Family Party* reminded me of nothing so much as that neglected minor masterpiece, John Galt's *Annals of the Parish*. That is setting a high standard: but I do not think that Mr. O'Hara emerges from it too obviously second-best.

Miss Christine Brooke-Rose's *The Languages of Love* is a first novel with an academic setting. The authoress, however, unlike most recent exponents of the genre, treats the academic life (and in particular the pursuit of philology) with seriousness and only the gentlest elements of satire. This background is unusual, and personally felt, and seems to me the best part of the book. The love-stories that are ostensibly its theme, though refreshingly sincere, are less realised—almost novelletish in fact: and the Catholic 'solution' at the end, so to speak the *deus ex Vaticano*, is a tiresome and unsatisfactory pseudo-solution at best.

Mr. John Symonds' *A Girl among Poets* is a less usual and more puzzling sort of half-success. Well (or, rather, not badly) written, carefully constructed, and holding the reader's attention in the approved novelly way, it nevertheless succeeds only in disappointing hopes: and this is simply because all that is done and said is so tame and dull. These characters are not good poets—nothing in their lives or conversation (or their actual poems quoted) gives the least promise of that: but alas! neither are they good rogues. I have known a fair number of pseudo-poets, Mr. Symonds—indeed who is lucky enough not to have?—and, believe me, they could raise roofs and merry hells that are not dreamt of in your philosophy.

I am afraid that last month I seem to have read, and reviewed, Miss Christianna Brand's *The Three-Cornered Halo* with more asperity, and less attention, than was seemly; and I take this opportunity to tender my regrets.

HILARY CORKE

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Many-headed

WE SEE MORE bodiless heads in a week's viewing than the toughest Borneo chieftain in darkest pre-Brooke days ever collected in a lifetime. The 'Tonight' camera is a more lethal instrument than the deadliest battle-axe. It kills in close-up: death by interview, a form of oblivion unique to our society. Only forget... is the wise viewer's motto; the announcer's toothsome goodnight is a sponge that wipes the slate clean. Light's on and all's well. But what of the madame of fashion from Paris pronouncing the sack *passé*, the lugubrious low-flying actor, or the serious stone-setting Rosicrucians, those who came over in such a two-minute blaze of confidence, or whose *mot* was marred by a technical muff? The tonightly traffic of our screen is such that few of them survive into the morrow's memory.

Still, all is not lost—not everything gets interviewed away; mudlarking critics must live, for one thing, and for another some programmes rise above interview level and make a more permanent scratch on the mind. 'The Borneo Story', in six Sunday instalments, two of which have been seen so far, is a case in point. The first part began with a Dayak chieftain making an offering to a head in his possession, a reminder of the bad old time. Then Tom Harrisson and Hugh Gibb came on to show beards grown while living for two months in the Niah caves, and also to explain how each came to be interested in Borneo. They then wisely retired from the picture: the usual kind of commenting with its '... and here's Hugh getting into a canoe on his way to the interior... he'd better watch out for the rapids'—was wholly avoided in the concentrated views of Dayak people, from the first sight of the long house where as many as 200 of them may live

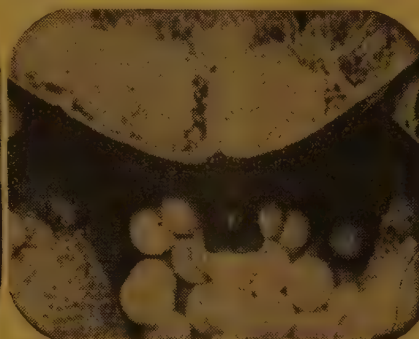
under the same roof (entirely without television) to the cooking of food inside bamboo shoots, initiation by tattoo, and bathing in the shallow part of the river which the crocodiles leave alone. I found it absorbing.

The film had a sense of being on friendly equal terms with the people it was discussing. It revealed that the Dayaks have parties which last much longer than ours and they travel great distances to get to them. The men are exceptionally vain and spend hours combing and beautifying themselves; but their society has a binding moral code and it looks to the chief for authority. Turtles also have a rigid life-pattern, as the second film revealed in some memorable shots by torchlight.

From a close-knit tribal pattern of life we turned by contrast to some of the most difficult problems of organisation that face our own society and its chiefs. Much of the 'Press Conference' with the Rt. Rev. George MacLeod, Moderator of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, was taken up with a subtle discussion of how greater unity may be achieved among the various churches of the United King-



'The Borneo Story—II. Turtle Island' on October 6: a turtle burrowing in the sand at night before laying her eggs; and (right) depositing 106 eggs



John Cura

dom. The extremely fluid state of this complex issue was apparent in the Moderator's lucid account of the main suggestions. I do not remember a more lucid conference for a long time. Needle questions on such sensitive topics as remarriage and divorce were put by Malcolm Muggeridge and John Freeman with the detachment of dentists drilling down to the nerve. But there was nothing squeamish about the Moderator's frank responses.

Unity was also the great question at the Labour Party Conference at Brighton, part of which was seen on nightly filmed extracts during the week, and most observers seemed, with Mr. Gaitskell, to think that the party had more unity now than for a very long time. Be that as it may, in the television coverage divergence was what gave spice to the scenes: Miss Jenny Lee wondering if she was not Alice



Fougasse, the well-known *Punch* cartoonist, drawing in the television studio on October 5

in Wonderland; Mr. Shinwell's and Mr. Morrison's elder statesman lamentations; the vehemence of Mr. Cousins; and the buoyancy of Mrs.

Braddock. I would like to have seen rather more of the great climax, Mr. Bevan's hydrogen-bomb policy speech with its accompaniment of heckling from his erstwhile supporters. Indeed, a party conference is such good value on the screen that more time might profitably be set aside for it in the future.

Keeping up with the Joneses (or the Germans) gets harder all the time. From Church and State we moved to Home and Youth. What does it feel like to live in a house with almost no doors? In the last of 'The Englishman's Home' programmes the cameras slid smoothly round an impressive modern structure, Farnley Hey, in the Brontë country, built by the architect Peter Womersley for his brother. This was a short visual essay in modern architecture, and it made out a good case for sharp austere lines which on a small plot preserve the sense of space. The owner as well as the architect spoke of his home and was glimpsed through the dining-room (as it seemed, far away) making a cup of tea in the kitchen. Now I must rearrange my furniture.

I suppose that 'Joe and Roxy', a film from Canada, must be classed as documentary. It aimed to show a representative Canadian boy and girl who are in love, and who are also in the final phase of the state's programme of education. When it began in a mood of realism with the pair together at home, it seemed as if we were in for a play about early marriage; then suddenly it switched to a cluster of shots of mechanical and engineering training, and type-writing courses with a '1984' voice saying that 'status and function' were what young people wanted to feel secure. Maybe; but should they be fed with them?

Cartoonists are appearing more and more in the flesh these days. 'Fougasse' did some lighting work before our very eyes and talked of the power of suggestion in a single stroke. The talk was perhaps just a little too much aimed at the under tens (who at 10.45 p.m. should all have been in bed), but the drawing part fascinated.

ANTHONY CURTIS



Farnley Hey, Yorkshire, seen in 'The Englishman's Home' on October 3

DRAMA

Funny Business

'ISN'T LIFE FUNNY?' observed Brian Rix. I dare say it is; but whether it is worth such feverish attempts at embellishment as Mr. Rix and his company provided on Sunday, is a theme for debate. The matter was a farce called 'What the Doctor Ordered'. Vernon Sylvaire and Lawrence Huntington wrote it. It was acted upon the stage of the Whitehall Theatre, whence cameras forcibly transmitted the play to us, with appropriate close-ups of the more sternly comical grimaces.

Now this did not strike me as a very imaginative use of television. And, though I am probably a humourless old grouch, it seemed to me to be an unimaginative farce. A lot happened in it, but very little—I speak for myself in another's voice—that 'emptied upon earth, from unsuspected ambuscade, the very Urns of Mirth'. Though the dramatists had tried hard enough, they did not establish any real basis for their farce, any jumping-off platform. We found ourselves flung into the air, swaying about, as it were, in a falling balloon; through the evening we appeared to be hedge-hopping—dangerously, with Mr. Rix and his cast tossing out ballast every so often to prevent an appalling crash.

If the farce had been played out in a balloon, it might well have been funnier. But, leaving these perilous fancies, I have to report that the

company are accomplished farceurs in the usual way. But it is accomplishment without special inspiration, and when it has to cope with such a farce as Sunday night's, there is little to gladden us. Now and then hope sparked: Mr. Rix and his partner, Basil Lord, would perform some evolution with an intricate nicety. Next moment they would be bumbling on through the weary script. This was about 'seven complex Congo chemicals' which, taken in the form of pills, would rejuvenate or age or reduce, or do various other things regarded as farcically rich—especially so when nobody had any idea what effect the red pill or the black or the green or the orange might have. Another author did this kind of thing—only better—when Alice drank from the bottle ('a sort of mixed flavour of cherry-tart, custard, pineapple, roast turkey, toffee, and hot buttered toast'), ate the cake, or carefully nibbled the mushroom.

Alice merely became bigger or smaller. The new farce wanted at first to explore the comic possibilities of rejuvenation, and one grew tired of the fierce aged uncle in a smoking-cap. Luckily other jests supervened; but, as a whole, the affair—clamped to the Whitehall stage—remained baffling as a choice for television.

There was a better choice in the twenty-eight minutes (odd length for a play) of 'Miss Nightingale's Man'. Here we were in the terrifying wards of Scutari with Florence Nightingale. Though the anecdote of her drummer-boy-factotum was ingenious enough, and though at times we wondered whether Rex Tucker—author and producer—

was saying, even at Scutari, 'Isn't life funny?', the piece had a certain honest directness. It justified its promotion from children's television. And it was acted extremely well by such artists as Yvonne Coulette, John Bull, and Helen Shingler, admirably firm as Florence, whom Ivor Brown once called 'half feminine and half administrative fanatic, standing like an igneous rock among the waters of muddle and misrule'. Miss Nightingale was as we expected her. None could call the people of 'A Nest of Singing Birds' expected: for example, an eighteenth-century Professor of Greek at Aberdeen University, and an Irish dragoon. Robert Kemp had composed this cheerful, slight piece about a feud between 'scientific singers' and 'solemn singers', and the company played it with relish—in particular, Moultrie R. Kelsall, a pioneering gleam in his eye as he persuaded soldier and student to sing gleefully.

I have room only to say that 'Busman's Honeymoon', with Peter Gray as, plausibly, the latest incarnation of Lord Peter, revealed again its intricacy of structure; and that Inspector



Scene from 'What the Doctor Ordered' on October 6, with (left to right) Brian Rix as Chesney Van Velt, Eunice Gayson as Madame Caprice, Basil Lord as Basil Brum, Garth Adams (on floor) as Police Sergeant Dryott, Larry Noble as Henderson, Elizabeth Chambers as Betty, and Leo Franklyn as J. G. Van Velt

Charlesworth had one of his easiest weeks in 'The Live Wire', mild tale of a racing swindler who could have used the tag, 'Keep it under your hat'. Though Jeannie Carson must always have my heart, the funny business of her latest 'Hey, Jeannie!' film—this time she was a New York cook—made me pine for the lucidity of the Utopian Public Exploder when 'overmastered by an indignant sense of overwhelming wrong'.

J. C. TREWIN

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Light on the Home

HOME SERVICE plays and features, the now famous April policy statement declared, would in future include 'some of those which now find a home in the Light Programme'. In the event that seems to have been a masterpiece of understatement. Serials excepted—and I listened without enthusiasm to the vindictive vegetables and universal blindness, too close for comfort to Hollywood horrors, in the first instalment of 'The Day of the Triffids' on Wednesday last week—drama has been almost swept out of the lengthened Light Programme altogether.

Not only is the Thursday 'play' in the Home of Light Programme weight—John Pudney's 'The Escapist' last week was a rather obviously unfunny piece about a decamping dentist who stirs his stumps but sticks to his drill, which I privately retitled 'You Always Can Tell'—but Monday, the peak night, is suffering a large-scale invasion of Light material which inevitably drives out, or at any rate drastically reduces, the more substantial sort of play we used to get on that night. Even this year's solitary Shakespeare has been pushed into the shrunken minority Third Programme.

I suppose it is just arguable that Terence Rattigan is above the 'relaxation' line. Light listeners might not get the aptness of the axing of Agamemnon as the classical background to 'The Browning Version' or the nuance of the translation, in 'French Without Tears', of 'she has ideas above her station' as 'Elle a des idées au-dessus de sa gare'. But the radio adaptation of the Olivier-Monroe film of 'The Sleeping Prince' was, rightly, broadcast in the Light only two months ago. And if the J. B. Priestley and R. C. Sherriff Festivals were Light



Peter Gray (left) as Lord Peter Wimsey, George Woodbridge as Superintendent Kirk, and Jeremy Longhurst (right) as Constable Sellon in 'Busman's Honeymoon' on October 3

night rested on the kind of smash-and-grab humour at which you either laughed your head off or just sat moping. The fact that I moped does not mean that I do not enjoy farce. Memory lingers with delight upon the school-mistress who cried 'It is an embarrassing thing to break a bust in the house of comparative strangers'; upon Ralph Lynn, reeling and writhing beneath a washstand; upon Margaret Rutherford like a trumpeting dragonfly; and upon Alec Guinness as he proclaimed the excellence of a hot-water bottle. But I do think that farce, unless exceptionally written and produced, is television's least likely choice. One needs to be in the thick of a theatre's responsive audience. On the screen the conventional babble and flicker is like a dance of trapped bluebottles under glass, and the hollow clang-and-boom of laughter from the Whitehall auditorium merely exasperates. One never belongs for a moment to that audience, even if the curtain does swish up and down, for our benefit, to mark the act-divisions.

I am not denying that Mr. Rix and his



Every time I drink **CINZANO BIANCO** *(from Italy)*



I find its flavour more fascinating—and



he is always finding more good reasons



for enjoying **CINZANO DRY** *(from France)!*

Mellow, smooth and golden, CINZANO BIANCO—from Italy—is the uniquely delicious White Vermouth whose sweetness is tempered by a fascinating aromatic tang. If you like a Dry Vermouth, you will instantly recognise the distinction and quality of CINZANO DRY, from France. Probably, like more and more people, you will find them equally delightful. Both CINZANO BIANCO and CINZANO DRY are superb as straight drinks, and each adds character to a cocktail. Enjoy a new pleasure—try Cinzano today.

WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE?

If anyone tells you that there's nothing to choose between one brand of Vermouth and another, your sense of taste will tell you otherwise. The making of Vermouth, a wine which derives its special character from the addition of infusions of herbs and spices, is an art to which the House of Cinzano has devoted 140 years. While CINZANO BIANCO and CINZANO RED are produced in Italy, CINZANO DRY is made in France, for French grapes yield the best Dry Vermouth. Cinzano is the only producer exporting Sweet Vermouth from Italy and Dry Vermouth from France. So to enjoy Vermouth at its finest, just say CINZANO—BIANCO, or DRY or RED.

CINZANO



CINZANO BIANCO
17/6 large-size bottle;
half-size bottle 9/3

CINZANO DRY FRENCH
18/- large-size bottle;
half-size bottle 9/6

CINZANO RED
17/6 large-size bottle;
half-size bottle 9/3

Sole Importers for U.K. and N. Ireland:

GIORDANO LIMITED, 24-26 Charlotte Street, London, W.1.



BOYS WILL BE B.Sc.'s

By PODALIRIUS

Technical education is the thing today, and fathers can say goodbye to the cosy old times when help with the home-work just meant a bit of elementary parsing, a couple of battle dates, and a blithe mis-spelling of "parallelogram." Nowadays it's a three-hundred word essay, with diagrams differentiating between the functions of the neutron and cyclotron; a treatise on metal fatigue; a working model of a coke oven; or an original blueprint for an electronic baby-minder. When the fathers went to school the most they ever brought home in the way of scientific achievement was a blunt wooden letter-opener with a rabbit's head handle—fruit of a term's expensive tuition in carpentry. It is disquieting for them when their sons sit for hours in the corner of the drawing-room in a haze of blue sparks, only looking up occasionally to ask the atomic weight of deuterium or the date of Sir Frederick Soddy's theory of isotopes. They tend to ask themselves what things are coming to.

It is a good question.

Is education as we knew it any use any more? It was said of Rupert Brooke that he always had a book in his hand and a ball in his pocket. This seemed a well-balanced picture of a young man adjusted to the intelligent life. But where would the same equipment get today's school-leaver? Brooke's book was probably Blake or Chaucer or Horace Walpole. Today's would have to be a handbook of Agricultural Chemistry. As for the ball, the nearest pond is the place for that (but note any resulting hydrodynamic phenomena); sport as a career has had it, just as poetry has, and that's about the only splash in the world you'll make with either. We must all now resolve to live technologically, under an inanimate technocracy of plastics, magnetic tape, and hygienic packaging. It is a chemico-scientifico-electronic age, and must be accepted and cashed in on by the rising generation. In another year or so the sixth-former with a grounding in the principles underlying the Berkeley bevatron or the Jodrell Bank telescope will walk into a job at £2,000 a year at any good, old-established detergent manufacturer's, while the Oxford man, having perversely declined a Fellowship of All Souls, may, after a tour of the employment agencies, land a ten-pound-a-week post with a correspondence college.

Of course, the pendulum swings. To pretend to look a century ahead would be silly. But it seems just possible that reaction may have set in by then, and parents of the day, chattering by the fire with a couple of electronic brains asked in for the evening, may be floored by an anxious voice from the home-work corner asking for a translation of "Veni, Vidi, Vici."

* * * * *

A startling picture Podalirius, but we are not alarmed. After all, a boy cramming valencies for a paper on petrol substitutes is much the same as a boy sweating up on The Georgics. Both his mind and his body need nourishment; and a little Bemax sprinkled on his food each day will insure that he gets his rightful share. For Bemax is stabilized wheat germ pure and simple; it is the richest natural vitamin-protein-mineral supplement known to man, and these are the three vital nutrients most often lacking in today's diet. Bemax is recommended by doctors for the whole family. You can get it either plain or chocolate-flavoured from any chemist.

THE BEST OF PODALIRIUS.—A second series of the selected "Prosings of Podalirius" is now available in booklet form. Write to the address below for your free copy.

Issued in the interests of the nation's health by
Vitamins Ltd. (Dept. L.T.14), Upper Mall, London, W.6

Programme material it can hardly be doubted that a Terence Rattigan Festival is too. Like those authors, Mr. Rattigan alternates between a serious and a light comedy vein, and if the planners really want to encourage listeners to switch from one Service to another they might have halved Mr. Rattigan between the Home and Light.

All the same, I doubt the wisdom of six Rattigan plays in three weeks. Mr. Rattigan is a proficient and prosperous playwright but his style is muted, and this plugging of his plays, early and late, successful and otherwise, is bound to emphasise that limitation. It puts his plays, moreover, squarely in Mr. Val Gielgud's category of those which depend so much on visual effects added by the actors to give the lines human depth and verisimilitude that they are not particularly good material for radio drama. However memorably spoken, no one will remember Mr. Rattigan's lines as they may those of, say, Mr. Eliot, Mr. Fry, or even the theatrically neglected Mr. Whiting.

'The Browning Version' on Monday last week seemed a slighter script than it did on the stage or the cinema screen. It was supported by two superb performances. John Gielgud, making his Rattigan *début* in the part the author originally hoped he would play, was not content merely to follow Eric Portman and Michael Redgrave. His Crocker-Harris was a more heroic personality. The schoolmaster's inflexibility and icy irony were only the outside of a classical discipline whose sensibility, fortitude, and magnanimity came out clearly in the climax as classical virtues. Angela Baddeley's contemptuously uncomprehending Clytemnestra was, in its own way, as good, though the part gave her character no comparable contrasting development.

Without acting of this calibre—Brenda Bruce was miscast as the blonde bombshell—Mr. Rattigan's early box-office hit, 'French Without Tears' (and even 1,039 performances is no safe criterion of excellence in the long run) shrank to some three passable jokes, french without gin shall we say?

'Yegor Bulichov', in Máxim Gorky's comic-mystic comedy in the Third last week, a lusty old dying capitalist besieged by intriguing relatives and mountebanks out for the inheritance, was a sort of Slavonic ancestor of Tennessee Williams' Big Daddy. Here, too, theatrical origins were a handicap, the cobweb of characters was rather too complex for the microphone to untangle. The best effect was the climactic succession of fake-healers—a mad trumpeter, a moaning female exorcist, a pathological prophet, who are to the moribund Yegor what the unseen Rasputin is to the corrupt heart of the old regime. John Gibson produced with a suitable sense of social significance, and without deflecting sympathy from Bulichov, to whom Ralph Truman brought the drive and determination of a greedy old animal at bay. After all it costs nothing to be generous to dying rascals and regimes.

ROY WALKER

THE SPOKEN WORD

Minorities

THE NEW QUARTER has come, and with it the B.B.C.'s new look for Sound Broadcasting. And it has come in precisely the form that was threatened before the eggheads of England massed their formidable ranks to protest: Mr. Eliot's lucid reasoning to the Governors of the B.B.C. and Mr. Peter Laslett's brilliant guerrilla warfare have not prevented the Third Programme from being emasculated to the extent of approximately 650 hours per annum. I say approximately because one does not know how

often time will be taken from Network Three to allow a complete performance of an early starting opera on the Third Programme. Last week two evenings were taken over in this way for broadcasts of 'The Ring' from Covent Garden, softening the blow for the regular Third Programme listener and making him feel that he will be spoilt from time to time.

Who is this 'average Third Programme listener'? In the past, without access to the inner secrets of Broadcasting House, there was little way of knowing, but since battle began in the early summer one has been able to produce some kind of image of the sort of people who like to spend part of their evenings listening to the Third Programme. I imagine them as people who do not take their culture in a very sophisticated way, ordinary, intelligent people up and down the country who do not wish to be caught up in the Admass culture, yet whose education has not provided them with a complete means to resist it. The sawn-off Third Programme will continue to give them something of what they are used to, but the choice will be more limited, the eight talks a week will have few repeats, and there will be only one play and one documentary each week. The Powers probably feel that this is quite enough for such a minority audience, forgetting that it is a minority of immense value and potential power which should be cherished by all means possible.

Minorities are certainly much on the conscience of the B.B.C., and Network Three intends to provide listening for minorities of every kind—stamp-collectors, mountain-climbers, jazzmen, amateur archaeologists, those who would like to learn Spanish from scratch and those who would like to do something about their French. The Home Service has always had a number of programmes of this kind; now all can be concentrated together for two hours each evening. The producers of Network Three want to produce a devoted, regular audience, composed of, perhaps, 90 per cent. Home Service listeners and 10 per cent. of listeners who listen intermittently to the Third Programme. They want the listeners to send in suggestions, say what speakers they would like to hear again. It is to be the *Everybody's* weekly of the air, never frivolous, always intelligent, never, never, intellectual.

It is not altogether fair to judge Network Three by the few programmes I have heard during its first week. I remember a thirty-second recording of Mr. Benjamin Britten describing his method of composing, a father talking amusingly about what it feels like to be a father for the first time, somebody explaining the function of the strings in the orchestra, parents discussing intelligently the best ways in which to explain to their children the facts of life. There was the Spanish lesson and the Brains Trust, in French, from Paris, and there was the first of a series of programmes about Anglo-Saxon England. Some of the programmes were extremely scrappy and all seemed to be enticing their audience to listen by playing snatches of music at moments when there was no real need for music. The scrappiness may have been due to uncertainty, but in avowedly middle-brow programmes of this kind producers may easily feel that they must keep the listeners' attention by never going on too long, always offering something fresh. For all I know this may be essential in this kind of broadcasting, but if Network Three is to have a vaguely 'improving' purpose it cannot merely touch on its subjects.

Although Network Three has yet to prove that it has found the right form by which to do the job it is intended to do, no one could reasonably scoff at the job itself. There must be many thousands of listeners who feel instinctively hostile to it simply because it has stolen

time from the Third Programme. If the B.B.C. had found a new wavelength for it there would have been no possible ground for hostility. I should have welcomed it warmly—and listened to it every two months or so, strictly for the purpose of writing about it in this column. In other words, I have a suspicion that I am not going to be a bit enticed by it, that I shall continue to give poor Cinderella Third Programme pride of place in this column, simply because it is here that the spoken word on the air, like Aristotle's wise man, 'considers the highest causes'.

MICHAEL SWAN

MUSIC

The New Look

I HAD BEEN MINDED to head this article 'Ichabod', but a study of the first two weeks' programmes under the new dispensation suggests that the glory, if diminished, is not wholly dimmed. Some of the more alarming rumours have been proved false. In the Home Service the Wednesday Symphony Concert remains, though in these first weeks, restricted to the hour before the news. It will be time to kick if this practice continues when the B.B.C. Orchestra's public concerts begin. The Thursday concert of chamber music has disappeared, but in its place there is one on Tuesdays, which incidentally is more widely available.

The Third Programme has suffered less than one feared. When allowance is made for the exceptional allocation in the first week of two evenings to 'The Ring' at Covent Garden, there is less music to be heard than before, but the range of interest has not been restricted nor the quality affected. It may be that the B.B.C., looking over its shoulder at Mr. Laslett and his influential committee, has put its best foot forward in these opening weeks. The Sound Broadcasting Society has done a great deal to safeguard the interests of the intelligent minority of listeners and, to judge from a letter that appeared in *The Times* last week, is not inclined to relax its vigilance.

Vigilance will be needed, for the arts are aristocratic—and I use the adjective in its true sense with no implication of snobbery, either social or intellectual—and in an age where the voice of the majority is held to be the source of all authority, if not of wisdom, it is all too easy for a public corporation to bow to its philistine will.

I had not supposed that 'Network Three', as the new didactic programme is oddly called, would contain much to call for comment in this column. But, besides a review of gramophone records which transfers to Saturday evenings and extends a useful feature of 'Music Magazine', the very first half-hour was devoted to musical topics. The introductory remarks on this occasion were as full of bromides as a bottle of sedative medicine, while Mr. Schwarz was addressed in the patronising tone of an unctuous head interviewing the new master: 'Now tell us how you feel about your new job', to which the poor man could hardly make any but the obvious answer. Apart from these trivialities, there was the usual attempt to stuff too many different things into the space allowed, thus giving listeners the merest smattering of this and that. The programme would be better if it applied itself to one subject at a time; for that half an hour is not too much.

'The Ring' was brought to a magnificent climax by Rudolf Kempe last Friday. Some mishaps in the orchestra and on the stage need not qualify one's admiration for a most splendid achievement. Birgit Nilsson's Brünnhilde, rather tentative at times in 'Die Walküre', rose

The Stately Ships of Britain



TRAVELLING First, Cabin or Tourist, crossing the Atlantic the Cunard way is an experience you will long remember.

Men like it for its restfulness . . . its superlative food . . . its bonhomie. Women adore it; for them the social round is gay and glamorous. The spirit is there . . . the Cunard spirit . . . the sense of freedom, the feeling of leisure. There is no better way to cross the Atlantic than Cunard.

The new £100 dollar allowance for North America brings these memorable delights within reach of all. Ocean fares, shipboard expenses, American rail fares, all payable in sterling.

Cunard

TO AND FROM THE U.S.A. AND CANADA

Consult your local travel agent or apply:
Cunard Line, Cunard Building, Liverpool,
3 (Liverpool Central 9201); 15 Lower
Regent St., London, S.W.1. (Whitehall
7890); 88 Leadenhall St., London, E.C.3
(Avenue 3010).



enjoy repeatedly

BUSONI's rarely performed opera

ARLECCHINO



Drawing by Peter Rice who designed the Glyndebourne Production.

The 1954
Glyndebourne Production
will add a new delight
to your
leisure



Regd. Trade Mark of
The Gramophone Co. Ltd.

IAN WALLACE · KURT GESTER · GERAINT EVANS
FRITZ OLLENDORF · ELAINE MALBIN · MURRAY DICKIE
Glyndebourne Festival Orchestra conducted
by JOHN PRITCHARD Sung in German
ALP 1223

"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

33 $\frac{1}{3}$ R.P.M. LP RECORDS

E.M.I. RECORDS LTD., 8-11 GREAT CASTLE STREET, LONDON, W.1.



'FINE & DRY'

Here is the perfect sherry for all occasions and all tastes
. . . as good as its name, very, very good.

A FINE Garvey WINE

Imported by MATTHEW CLARK & SONS LTD.

Walbrook House, 23-29 Walbrook, London, E.C.4

to the tragic stature of the scene with Waltraute, a part magnificently sung by Maria von Ilosvay, and in the second act of 'Götterdämmerung'. Here was a heroic woman, a match for the whole wretched tribe of Gibichungs, whose rottenness and meanness were wonderfully embodied in Uhde's Gunther, while Elisabeth Lindermeier presented Guttrune as just the type of silly self-indulgent girl who would get herself into a false position and wreck other people's happiness in the process. Miss Nilsson poured out a generous stream of beautiful tone in all the 'big' passages, but she has still to develop the power of projecting *mezza voce* and especially the lower notes in her voice over the orchestra into the theatre. For that reason her closing scene was a good deal less effective than her intervention in Act II. But

she is obviously a great Brünnhilde in the making.

Windgassen is now the best Siegfried we have heard for a long time, with an intellectual grasp of the part. His voice rarely has a true heroic tenor ring—his hailing of Hagen after the scene with the Rhinemaidens (who, by the way, sang better and more strongly than in 'Rheingold') was an exception—nor does he give us those moments of sheer lyrical beauty, e.g., when Mime dead and Fafner's body heaved back upon the hoard, Siegfried sinks back exhausted on the bank. Here the singers of an earlier generation could ravish our ears with the beauty of their tone and phrasing. Of Klein's Mime and Kraus' Alberich I have already written; they continued first-rate to the end. So did Hotter's Wanderer,

majestic and tragic, for all his growing faults in singing technique, faults evident too in Böhm's menacing Hagen, and still more in Dalberg's Fafner, whose voice under pressure spreads all round the note. But let us not end pævisly. This was, all in all, a grand and moving performance of the great work.

Meanwhile Mr. Schwarz has got firmly into the saddle, where he proclaimed himself to be 'very happy'. Well he may be, when he can get the B.B.C. Orchestra to give such excellent performances as we heard of Sibelius' First Symphony, 'Leonora No. 3', Britten's 'Variations on a Theme of Frank Bridge', and Bartók's Concerto for Orchestra, to select only a few of the large number of works he conducted last week.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

Electronic Music

By REGINALD NETTEL

A programme of electronic music will be broadcast at 10.40 p.m. on Friday, October 18 (Third)

ELECTRONIC music is not music for synthetic organ, electric guitar, or amplified harpsichord—which for our purpose we will call electrophonic. It is music made from sounds generated in electronic oscillators or frequency-generators arranged in a formal scheme devised by the composer with the help of his knowledge of acoustics and mathematics, and recorded on tape. It is a product of advanced minds reaching out into the still as yet comparatively unexplored field of pure music.

By its very nature, electronic music owes much to the co-operation of scientists, musicians, and engineers in the broadcast radio service. The lead came from Dr. Meyer-Eppler of the University of Bonn in 1951, and was taken up by the composer Herbert Eimert at the West-deutsche Rundfunk at Cologne. Here a most comprehensive scheme of equipment has been devised and installed, and the help of interested composers enlisted. In addition to Cologne, radio stations at Milan and Tokyo have constructed special studios for the making of electronic music; recorded tapes made in all these have been broadcast from various stations (including the B.B.C.); but the first British broadcast of a full programme of electronic music will be heard on October 18. The programme represents fairly the standard so far arrived at by the best composers in the medium. No Briton is among them, however. We, who pioneered the technical developments of the industrial and electronic revolutions, have been left behind in this technical revolution in music.

Electronic music has been scoffed at as 'engineers' music', but it cannot be too strongly emphasised that engineers as such cannot make music. A great deal of soul-searching in musical aesthetics went on among theorists, technicians, and musicians before this new music could emerge as a demonstrable art. In spite of all Eimert's early efforts to clarify the meaning of his experiments (and the subsidiary educational work of such organisations as the International Ferienkurse für neue Musik at Darmstadt each year from 1951, when Dr. Meyer-Eppler first put forward his theory, to today) false impressions were received by the general public; scientists and musicians put forward their own views with emphasis on their individual approaches, and the whole matter was complicated by the difficulty of expressing in language ideas belonging exclusively to a type of music different from all preceding types.

Essentially, those working in this new medium have gone back to first causes—beyond even

Orpheus or Jubal—to the raw material of sound-waves. These can be generated in their simplest form by an electronic oscillator such as radio engineers use; the familiar wail we hear from an ill-adjusted superheterodyne radio receiver is a simple sine-wave, with no overtones; an oscillator (or frequency-generator) can make such a tone at any pitch and control its intensity through a satisfactory gradation from weak to strong. If the result is fed to a tape-recorder the sound will be contained, and can be played back. A large number of frequencies can in this way be fed to the tape (or several tapes) and this will then contain the elements which, when played back, will be the electronic composition.

Thus, a completely new tone-colour system is available in which the composer is not obliged to accept any harmonics he does not want. Another type of oscillator is called a 'white-tone' generator, which gives all the tonal spectrum together (white tone in acoustics is thus comparable with white light in optics) but, by means of filters, sections of the tonal effect can be muted out. In all cases further modifications can be made by means of ring-modulator, multiplier, wobble-generator, echo-chambers and the steel-plate echo-device. Tonality is irrelevant; the apparatus will provide frequencies anywhere in the audible range, and in any order or combination known to mathematics: the composer can, if he chooses, limit his tonal scheme to the frequencies of any of the traditional scale-systems of the world, but in practice he would only do so if he wished to suggest conventional music. Serial technique is generally used.

Of the electronic compositions to be broadcast next week, the first of Herbert Eimert's 'Five Pieces' is a good example of a composition in sine-waves with echo modifications: perhaps this is the easiest composition from which to start, since to some it may actually suggest conventional minor tonality towards the end. Then follows a study in short sounds of various timbres (rather like idealised plucked strings and glockenspiel) a study in modification of white tone, a *legato* passage with distinctive accompaniment, some interesting work in oscillating glissandos, and a scheme of wide-leaping single sounds.

The Belgian composer Henri Pousseur (b. 1929) shows in his 'Scambi' I and II the possibilities of composition in near-white tones. (White tone at a pressure of minus 30 decibels sounds like an escape of gas—at minus 5 decibels like an escape of steam, and in between, like the rushing of the wind.) He achieves a powerful *crescendo* to the final climax. This piece seems

to have been composed deliberately to challenge criticism. Actually it is held in a time structure of elements ingeniously arranged and multiplied.

Quite different from Pousseur's are the electronic compositions of Luciano Berio (b. 1925) whose 'Mutazione' and 'Perspectives' are constructed from rapid points of tone (what would in painting be regarded as *pointilliste*). In his 'Perspectives' Berio gradually condenses four tones of equal duration into a final compact musical expression, with fascinating effect.

The other Italian whose works figure in this programme is Bruno Maderna (b. 1920) whose 'Notturmo' is surely the most successful night-piece written in this medium. The tone-colours are rich, and Maderna's scheme of frequencies operates round a well-defined centre. Constantly we are tempted to relate his electronically conceived timbres to idealised orchestral colours. There can be no compromise here with any materialist-technological conception of music, for Maderna has a mind endowed with an unhibited love of beauty.

Křenek's 'Ora pro nobis' I do not know, but his 'Spiritus Intelligentiae, Sanctus', likewise applying electronic technique to voices, is a profound though still experimental composition. There is a theory now being explored in which the tonal spectrum of articulated words is made a basis of musical expression. The theory has been put forward by Eimert, and the best exposition in practice, so far, is probably that of his associate in Cologne, Karlheinz Stockhausen (b. 1928) whose 'Gesang der Jünglinge' will be included in the broadcast. The spoken word is here crystallised in musical shapes giving heightened emotional effect to the whole, and the accompaniment is in character—elevated above the natural (and this by highly technical means) and offering as a result terrific intensity of drama in music.

There is no escape from aesthetic problems in electronic music. These young composers have already proved that technique is not enough; they demand, first, an objective approach to the various aspects of this art. Given this, they strive to lead the listener towards a fresher and richer musical experience.

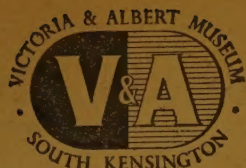
An illustrated article on 'The Alpine Club Centenary: Retrospect and Prospect' by Tom Longstaff, ex-President of the Alpine Club, appears in the October number of *The Geographical Magazine* (price 2s. 6d.). This number also includes 'Socotra: Island of Dragon's Blood' by Douglas Botting, and 'Forty Years after the Bolshevik Revolution' by Zev Katz.



WHY NOT SKETCH?

It's the grandest hobby with big possibilities of adding a "second string to your bow." P.A.S. Postal Courses offer first class Tuition in your own home. Learn—to earn—this ideal way. Over 4,000 sketches by P.A.S. pupils sold to "Punch" alone. Write for free illust'd handbook describing Courses for Beginners and Advanced Students—almost a drawing lesson in itself.

THE PRESS ART SCHOOL Ltd. (Dept. T.L.40)
Tudor Hall, Forest Hill, London, S.E.23



EVENING LECTURES

(Illustrated) WEDNESDAYS AT 6.15 p.m.
ADMISSION FREE

Oct. 16th—MATTHIAS GRÜNEWALD AND
HIS POSITION IN GERMAN ART
by Dr. Marguerite Kay

Oct. 23rd—WILLIAM BLAKE:
THE ARTIST
by Sir Anthony Blunt,
K.C.V.O.

INVEST IN CITY OF COVENTRY MORTGAGE LOANS

(Trustee Securities)

6% FOR 10 YEARS

Special terms will be quoted for
loans of £10,000 and over

For further particulars apply:
City Treasurer (L), Council House,
Coventry

WINTER HOLIDAYS IN THE SUN

INCLUSIVE TOURS—INDEPENDENT
HOLIDAYS

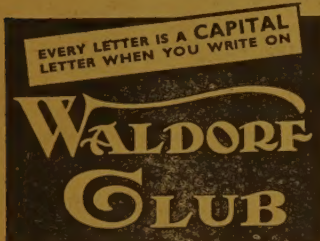
"ESCAPE ROUTES" to the
WARM SUNNY PLACES only
a few hours travel time from
Britain.

Full details in our free illustrated brochure,
"WINTER SUNSHINE"

Send for a copy or call in and talk over your
plans with us at

PICKFORDS TRAVEL SERVICE

205 HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.1
Tel.: HOL. 7091



- The satin-smooth stationery for you and your pen.
- Available in ivory and cobalt shades.
- In pads or boxed form.
- Envelopes to match.
- Ask for Waldorf Club at your stationers today.



NEWTON MILL LTD,
24-5 New Bond St.,
London W.1.

RICH DARK HONEYDEW



FLAKE

4/11

PER OZ.



RUBBED OUT

Embroider
an
Heirloom—

A TAPESTRY NEEDLEWORK RUG

For illustrated price list of
25 fascinating, multi-coloured
Rug-Charts send stamped en-
velope to Heinz Edgar Kiewe,

A.N.I.,

ART NEEDLEWORK INDUSTRIES LTD,
7, ST. MICHAEL'S MANSIONS, OXFORD

GREATEST INVENTION SINCE THE ALPHABET

Gives the RIGHT word at a glance
EASY—QUICK—SURE



This absolutely new and wonderfully simple idea and Word Chart is the most stimulating aid to quick thinking ever devised. It gives the word you want—when you want it. It puts words and ideas at your fingertips. It provides brilliant word power. Your imagination is stirred by this simple but simply marvellous Chart. Like a mariner's compass it steers the course of your thoughts into those amazing word-channels that enable you to make your talks, letters, advertisements or any use you make of words, sparkle with brilliance, charm and power. Words and ideas leap into the mind—vitalise the message—grip the interest—sway—convince—compel. This astonishing Idea and Word Chart will make your ideas more scintillant, your conversation more sparkling, your speaking and writing more brilliant.

Send today for a specimen of the Idea and Word Chart embodied in a descriptive brochure. You will find its new and simple principles as vital to your daily thinking and writing as breath is to life.

PSYCHOLOGY PUBLISHING CO. LTD.
(DEPT. L/HV14), MARPLE, CHESHIRE

OPERA - CONCERTS - JAZZ
WHATEVER YOUR CHOICE—IT IS YOURS FOR
THE TUNING-IN

EUROPEAN EVERY FRIDAY RADIO

THE DETAILED PROGRAMMES
OF 25 STATIONS

ALSO ARTICLES ON YOUR FAVOURITE SUBJECTS
From Newsagents or write to-day for
SPECIAL OFFER 6 weeks for 2/6

(enclose postal order)

EURAP PUBLISHING CO. LTD.
71 Stoke Newington Road, London, N.16.

BM/BOOK

STORIES WANTED

by the British Institute of Fiction-writing
Science Ltd., Regent House, Regent St., W.1.
Suitable stories are revised by us and submitted to
editors on a 15% of sales basis. Unsuitable stories
are returned with reasons for rejection. Address
your MS. to Dept. 32.

WE TEACH ONLY FICTION-WRITING

Criticism and Courses for the discerning by
specialists. For 18 years we have been receiving
testimonials from full- and part-time authors,
professors, doctors, high-ranking officers and
officials—all types. Many of the authors you read
are ex-students. Our unique system of taking 10%
of your sales monies ensures our maximum efforts
on your behalf. Fee returned if unearned.

The Professional Touch is FREE from Dept. 32

The Sign of SCIENCE & SALES

The Battle against Disease and Malnutrition

DR. GEORGE MACLEOD
will appeal for

MEDICAL MISSIONS

in the South Seas, the Pacific,
Hong Kong, South-East Asia, the
Middle East, and South America

in the
B.B.C. GOOD CAUSE OF THE
WEEK

on Sunday, Oct. 13th, at 8.25 p.m.

Please send your Gift to

DR. MACLEOD, 2, Eaton Gate, London, S.W.1
Issued by Conference of British Missionary Societies

Address.....

POSTAL TUITION FOR THE

G.C.E.

According to the number and choice of subjects and the level at which they are taken (Ordinary or Advanced) the General Certificate of Education can serve as (1) evidence of a sound general education, (2) the first step to a degree, and (3) the means of exemption from most professional preliminary exams. Wolsey Hall provides individually conducted postal courses for all G.C.E. examinations at very reasonable fees, payable by instalments if desired. **PROSPECTUS** from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Director of Studies, Dept. FE51.

WOLSEY HALL, OXFORD—LEARN A LANGUAGE
THIS WINTER

THE problem of learning a Foreign Language in half the usual time has been solved. The Pelman method is enabling thousands of men and women to learn languages without translation. By the Pelman method you learn French in French, and so on. English is not used at all.

The system is explained in four little books, one for each language. Write for the book that interests you and it will be sent you by return, together with a specimen lesson, gratis post free. **WOLLEY 1411**

POST THIS FREE COUPON TODAY

Pelman Languages Institute,
82 Norfolk Mansions, Wilmor Street,
London, W.1

Please send details of Pelman method of learning: French, German, Spanish, Italian.
(Cross out three of these)

Name.....

Address.....

Write for Profit

If you have a ready pen you can be trained to write and sell articles and stories in spare time—wherever you live. Editors are in constant need of contributions and pay well for good work.

Learn the essential technique by post—how to write, what to write about, how to prepare MSS. and HOW TO SELL THEM for the best prices.

Write today to The Regent Institute (Dept. LJ/32K), Palace Gate, London, W.8, for a free copy of "How to Succeed as a Writer." There are many people who, as a result of sending for this interesting booklet, have been enabled to earn large sums in spare time. Hundreds of pupils have sold work while learning.

By applying now you will have the opportunity of enrolling at very moderate fees.

**SPECIALISED POSTAL TUITION
for UNIVERSITY, CIVIL SERVICE
& PROFESSIONAL EXAMINATIONS**

A Metropolitan College modern Postal Course is the most efficient, the most economical and the most convenient means of preparation for General Certificate of Education and Prelim. exams.; for B.A., B.Sc., Econ., LL.B., etc.; external London University Degrees; for Civil Service Local Government and commercial exams.; for professional exams. in Law, Accountancy, Costing, Secretarialship and Personnel Management; for I.S.M.A., Inst. of Export, etc. exams. Many intensely practical (non-exam.) courses in business subjects.

More than 90,000 POST-WAR EXAM. SUCCESSSES
Guarantee of Coaching until Successful.
Text-book lending library. Moderate fees, payable by instalments.

Write today for prospectus, sent FREE on request, mentioning exam. or subjects in which interested to the Secretary (DJ/1).

METROPOLITAN COLLEGE
ST ALBANS

or call 30 Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4.

**UNIVERSITY
CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE**

Founder: WM. BRIGGS, LL.D., D.C.L., M.A., B.Sc. Principal: CECIL BRIGGS, M.A., M.C.

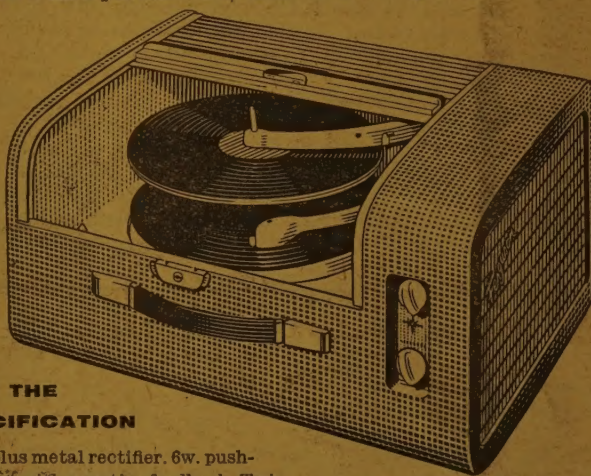
Home Study Courses

- U.C.C. prepares students for London University General Certificate of Education (for Entrance, Faculty requirements, or Direct Entry to Degree), External Degrees (B.A., B.Sc., B.Ed., LL.B., B.D., B.Mus., etc.), and various Diplomas; General Certificate (all levels, Oxford, Cambridge, Northern, and others), Law Society Prelim., Bar (Pts. I and II), Teachers' Diplomas, Civil Service, and many other examinations. Private Study Courses available in Sociology, Modern Languages, Economics, &c. The College, founded 1887, is an Educational Trust with a staff of highly qualified Tutors. Moderate fees.

★ Write for free PROSPECTUS of U.C.C. Courses to the Registrar,
56 BURLINGTON HOUSE, CAMBRIDGE

6 watts output from the**Ferguson 'Fortune'****4-SPEED PORTABLE RECORD REPRODUCER**

6 watts output from a portable? Yes—that's the strength of it. Plus a performance that beats anything you've ever heard from a portable. But then this is a Ferguson.

**LOOK AT THE****SPECIFICATION**

4 valves plus metal rectifier. 6w. push-pull output with negative feedback. Twin diaphragm 6" diameter loudspeaker. Feedback type treble tone control. 4-speed autochanger for 7", 10" and 12" standard and L.P. records. Neat leathercloth cabinet with plastic roller shutter lid. Size 18½" wide x 9" high x 14½" deep.

FERGUSON 'FORTUNE' MODEL 393G RECORD REPRODUCER 25GNS

TAX PAID

**...fine sets these FERGUSON's**

THORN ELECTRICAL INDUSTRIES LIMITED, 233 SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON WC2

WANTED QUALIFIED MEN & WOMEN**PERSONAL & INDIVIDUAL TRAINING IN:—**

Accountancy
Advertising
Aeronautical Eng.
Art
Automobile Eng.
Book-keeping
Carpentry
Chemistry
Civil Service
Commercial Subjects
Commercial Art
Customs Officer
Draughtsmanship
Economics
Electrical Eng.
Electronics
Export
Gen. Cert. of Educ.
Heat & Vent. Eng.
Industrial Admin.
Jig & Tool Design
Languages
Management
Also courses for GEN. CERT. OF EDUCATION, A.M.S.E., A.M.Bric.I.R.E., A.M.I.Mech.E., A.M.I.E.D., A.M.I.M.I., A.F.R.Ae.S., A.M.I.P.E., A.M.I.I.A., A.C.C.A., A.C.I.S., A.C.C.S., A.C.W.A., City & Guilds Exams., R.T.E.Serv.Certs., R.S.A. Certificates, etc.

Industry and Commerce offer their best jobs to those with the necessary qualifications—appointments that will bring personal satisfaction, good money, status and security. We specialise also in teaching for hobbies, new interests or part-time occupations in any of the subjects listed on the left. Choose your subject and write today—there is no obligation.

NEW Courses with
PRACTICAL EQUIPMENT in:—
RADIO • TELEVISION • MECHANICS
CHEMISTRY • ELECTRICITY • DRAUGHTSMANSHIP • PHOTOGRAPHY etc., etc.
COURSES FROM 15/- PER MONTH

POST THIS TODAY

E.M.I. Institutes, Dept. 183 K, London, W.4.

Name..... Age.....
(if under 21)

Address.....

Subject(s) with/without equipment
(We shall not worry you with personal visits) 1034

EMI INSTITUTES

Associated with "H.M.V. Gramophone, etc. etc."

please accept

ANY ONE, TWO, OR THREE OF THESE SIX COMPLETE LONG-PLAYING RECORDS AT A MERE FRACTION OF THEIR NORMAL PRICE AND VALUE

BEETHOVEN

Emperor Concerto

MOZART

34th Symphony (Linz)

BACH

Brandenburg Concertos 4 & 5

HAYDN

44th & 95th Symphonies (The Miracle)

MEYERSON

A Midsummer Night's Dream

TCHAIKOVSKY

4th Symphony

INCLUDING P.T.

All records guaranteed made of the identical raw materials and pressed to the identical high standards used by all major record labels all over the world

250,000 music-lovers in France, 180,000 in West Germany, 400,000 more in Italy, Holland, Switzerland and Scandinavia, plus over 12 million club-members in America would not think this offer stupendous. Elsewhere, music-lovers, like 2 million book-club members in England, are accustomed to these fantastic savings.

YOU RISK NOTHING

Tens of thousands of CLASSICS CLUB members buy their records every month (but without obligation at any time to buy any record) at a mere fraction of shop prices. And to prove to you absolutely and conclusively how valuable Club non-obligational membership is, we want you, entirely at our risk, to listen to, judge, and criticise (if you can) CLASSICS CLUB records in the comfort of your own home.

GREAT CONDUCTORS AND ORCHESTRAS
All CLASSICS CLUB recordings are organised by great musical directors and conducted by famous conductors, conducting symphony orchestras of high repute and great distinction.

CLUB SERVICE

CLASSICS CLUB service to members includes monthly mailings fully describing Club issues which are the cream of the Classical Repertoire superbly and faultlessly recorded. Members receive (every month) free Programme Notes, Club News, Special reprints, Special offers—and yet at no time is any member obliged to make any purchase, or to pledge any purchase.

RECORDS NO LONGER A LUXURY

Thanks to CLASSICS CLUB, the best and greatest of recorded music is no longer either a luxury or a burden. New members are invited to join the Club by choosing one, two, or three of Club recordings listed above—strictly on approval—and without any obligation now or ever.

**LESS
P.T.**

CLASSICS CLUB standard price of 14/11d. per complete symphony or concerto includes P.T. of 4/3d. per record instead of up to 12/- per record P.T. paid by other methods of distribution.

RARE RECORDINGS

As well as all the popular works of the classical repertoire, Classics Club covers the gaps in the famous catalogues, issues, chamber music, operatic and oratorical works (e.g. the works of Tallis, Gibbons, Byrd, and Perotinus) etc., that can be bought nowhere else.

CLASSICS CLUB is a division of RECORD SALES LTD.

To John A. Winstone, Dir., THE CLASSICS CLUB,
127 Kensal Road, London, W.10

I wish to join the Classics Club "on trial" for one month only without cost or obligation whatever. I want (strictly on approval) to listen to the records I have marked in the privacy of my own home, and to judge for myself whether they are the equal in all regards to full-price records sold through normal methods of distribution.	BEETHOVEN
I enclose Cheque/P.O. for 14/11 for each record marked. If I am not delighted my money will be refunded unconditionally by return of post.	MOZART
	BACH
	HAYDN
	MEYERSON
	TCHAIKOVSKY

Name.....
(Block Letters Only)

Address.....